



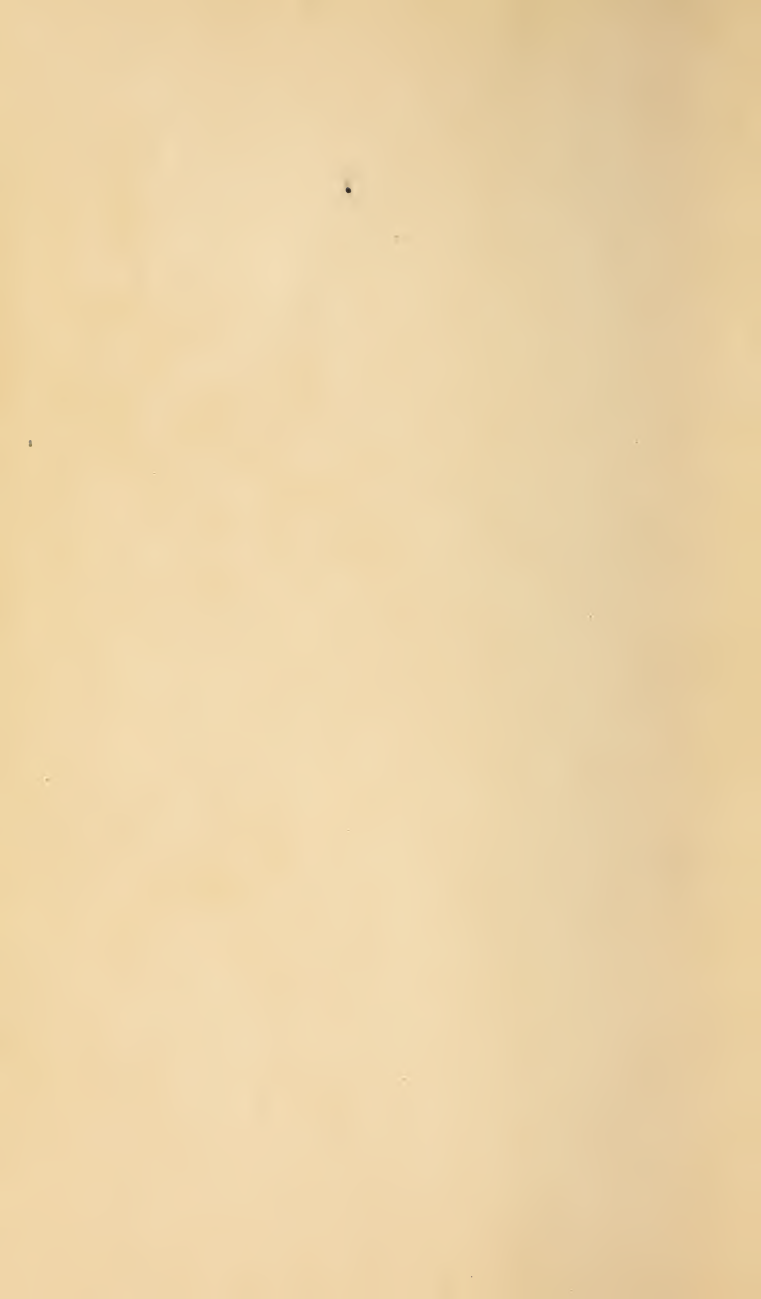
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HOLIDAY DREAMS;

OR,

LIGHT READING,

IN POETRY AND PROSE.

BY

ISABEL HILL,

AUTHOR OF "THE POET'S CHILD," A TRAGEDY;
"CONSTANCE," A TALE; "ZAPHNA, OR THE AMULET,"
A POEM; ETC. ETC.

"To wit—to woo—with merry note."



THOMAS CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;

AND

W. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH.

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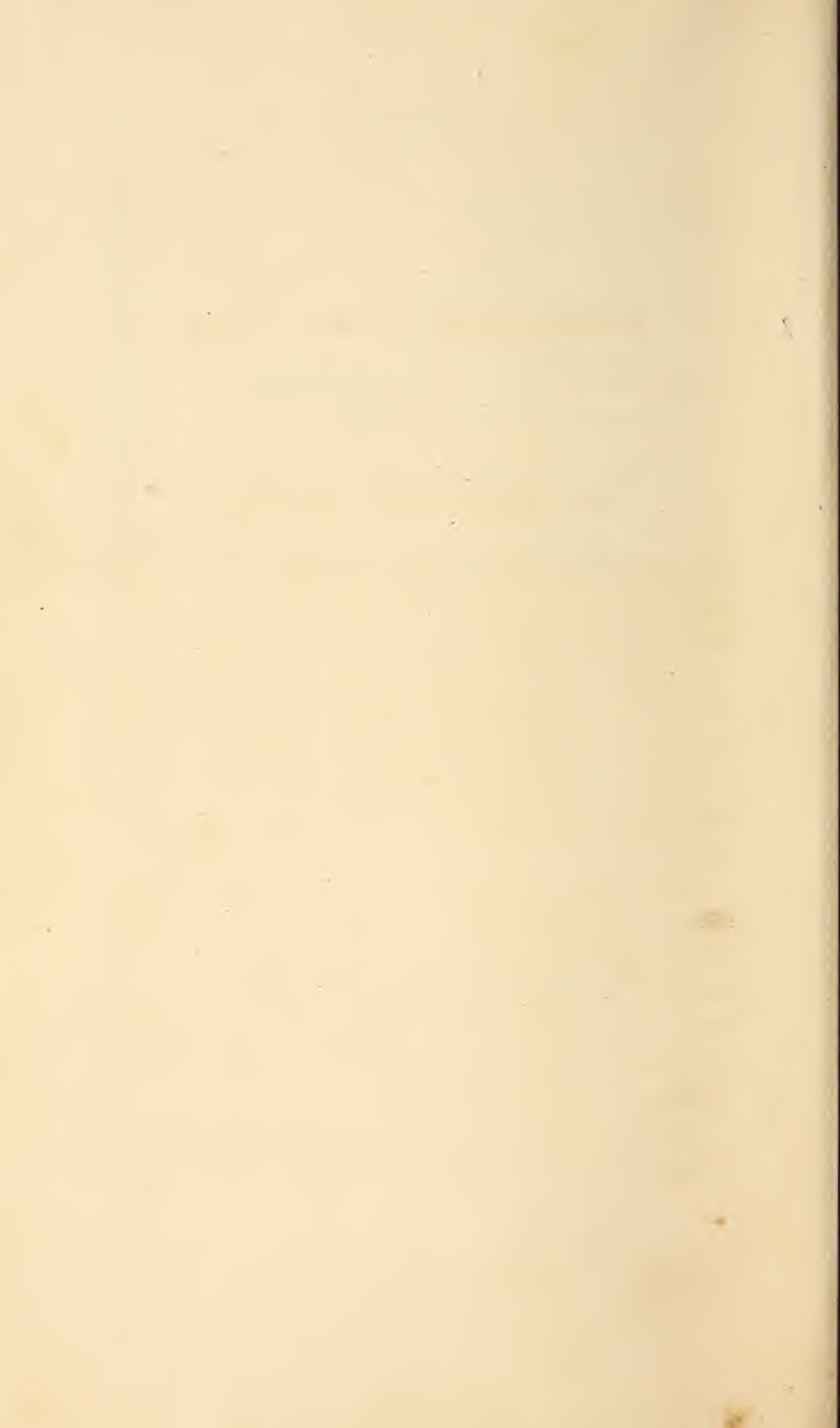
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HOLIDAY DREAMS.

AN INDEFINITE ARTICLE.

AN Introduction to a book is generally roughed over, like an introduction to a stranger. The third person who does the honours, usually slurs the name of the introduced, but the company addressed are as inattentive as the master of the ceremonies, so that the fault seems to rest with the living novices, who, when venturing into public society, ought to have, like books, their names printed on their foreheads, by way of title-page.

In my preface to ZAPHNA, I professed myself "ready, if pronounced incorrigible, to be heard no more." That Tale was certainly more praised than either of its forerunners, yet six years have elapsed without offering me the means of publishing again. I have not been heedless of an interval which has afforded me opportunities of self-correction and improvement.

When first I set my "nothing of a name" in print, I had no idea of attempting to be lively or clever upon

paper. I gave forth what I felt, and knew not why I should have foreborne. I take up my early calling again under more cheerful and prouder auspices; I never wrote despondently, yet I look back on my former subjects as too sad, and shall no longer be content with striving to "make the *best* of a *bad* matter."

I commenced author uncorrected, though unflattered by the "few friends" who had read my manuscripts, with the exception of my brother, who was ever ready to amend my orthography, to transcribe for me, in his unliterary and legible way, any thing, especially which came recommended by "Act I, Scene I," &c. &c. I wish *he* had ever been paid for his pains and trouble; mine were self-requited beforehand. He also undertook the mechanical offices of counting lines and calculating pages, consulting printers, publishers, editors, and other *ers* and *ors*, obligations which I trust I may be excused for thus acknowledging.

At first I was both tempted and persuaded to publish by subscription; but I thought that till it had been tried at a risk, whether I could give my purchasers their money's worth, I should by such plan degrade myself into a literary beggar, compromise the independence of *genius* (forsooth!), and openly constitute profit as my aim, instead of praise.

It might have consoled me in looking over my *list*, to see *who*, besides my own acquaintance, had proved themselves my *friends*, and to have collected together the names of estimable individuals, who might them-

selves have been scattered over the world unknown to me and to each other.

Once, while I had *such* a scheme in contemplation, I was offered a chance of permission to *dedicate* my *love* tales to an illustrious personage, rather too young to understand or even read them. I declined ; for I cannot fancy how a volume, which may be sold to as many as will buy it, can be rendered sacred to any single purchaser. What we dedicate we should devote in hopes of no other reward than that of being accepted. If I owed the production and success of an effort to any one friend in particular, it were but just so to inform the Public, by inscribing it to that friend ; but to embellish unpretending pages with some great name, in which the author can feel little real interest, appears to me a custom at once unmeaning and presumptuous, slavish and insincere, rarely answering its only true purpose, that of helping off a lame work ; if a sound volume will not sell without such aid, it at least deserves to do so. With these impolitic notions I have thrice experimentalized at my own expense, if ever I had a right to call any thing my own ; though he is a friend indeed who shares our sorrows and disputes our losses with us.

The sale of my first two ventures would have proved satisfactory, but for the failure of two booksellers (one in the country), and another cause, by which I was less resigned to *be robbed of my first earnings*, than by the *blameless misfortunes of strangers*. ZAPHNA was not published at a literary house, but be-

fore its appearance, I had been commended by judges who knew me only through my poor books, and the proud, yet respectful surprise of my grateful heart, diverted my mind from my pecuniary defeats.

Soon, however, I was forced to feel them; and to regret that no judicious friend had saved my *name*, at least from this premature and fruitless exposure. "Every step a woman takes towards publicity, robs her of—" I forget what. The remark is Madame Roland's, I believe, and implies that literary celebrity should be left for the lords of the creation; that *we* are sure to be disgraced and spoiled by success, and shunned even if we fail,—as if the mantle of inspiration were the poisoned shirt of Nessus; as if the poet's bays wrinkled a female brow, even in its teens, as if, in short, neither *such* comparisons nor "caparisons became a young woman," but gave *all* the Dons a right to exclaim, "How the d——l came a *woman* in the *press*?" Such is the lot of scribbling spinsters, which I discovered too late. I would have directed my energies to some less precarious resource, but the mischief was done, and in vain I strove to expiate it. Besides, my education, perhaps my pride, unfitted me to endure being *paid* by my *superiors* for any *specific tasks*. I did not then consider, that dependent servitude, in some shape or other, is *fortunately* "the badge of all our tribe," whether we are *bought by our masters*, or *vice versa*. Luckily I had few duties and not one accomplishment, no love of "*society*" and "*amusement*"

to divorce me from my pen. The only thing I cared (or *knew how*) to do, was "unteachable, untaught." I have persevered, therefore, without merit. Busy as a bee, industriously feasting on sweets, careless as to what became of the honey which I hived, but knowing that if I were *burnt out* at last, nothing could deprive me of the pleasures I had tasted among the flowers. To "have been near the rose" should support such an insect as I under the anticipation of martyrdom!—but, to descend from metaphor.

In reminding my early patrons of my existence, I owe myself a word or two, which I never before had an opportunity of saying, and which, even now, I know not how with sufficient decorum to express.

Striving in ZAPHNA to contrast, by a difference of style, a vicious with a virtuous character, as I supposed both truth and morality demanded, I incurred a charge, compared with which accusations of dullness and insipidity had been compliment. Young women are far more ignorant of evil than the best of men may guess. In judging us by themselves they can form no true estimate of the incuriousness of maiden minds. Beshrew the phrase that ever belied me! beshrew my memory, which must have retained, without understanding it, from masculine books and conversation! I shall be more guarded in future, having thus been forced into "words and meanings," like a child who is whipped for blundering, instead of being "feelingly persuaded" why he ought not to blunder. Explana-

tions might put it out of *such* a pupil's power to err again ; experience might do wonders ; and I have done my best to attain it, by seeking to lay fresh pages open for correction. But I have found it impossible to make my way through the crowd of established favourites, even as a contributor to periodical works. Private interest I have none, and the little public interest I perhaps once created, must be by this time forgotten. The proofs I have received of this fact I shall add in Notes to the articles which elicited them. Being no longer an amateuse, it does not content me to find, that though my little doings may be deemed worthy of insertion, they are seldom considered to deserve remuneration.

Profit is the best test of fame, for

“ What 's the worth of any thing,
But just as much as it will bring ? ”

“ Sell Apollo for a slave, and get mundungus in exchange.”

The spirit of the Asinine Midas often breathes in the advice given by *his* descendants to those of poor Apollo ; but I would rather never take snuff again than take such counsel, even *at a pinch*.

An actor has his *line of business*, but an author is expected by some people to write in any style and on all subjects, if he means to *live* by it. “ 'Tis but to try, and be rejected.” Oh that drowning, though not Malmsey *but* ! There is no being versatile against the natural bent, or beyond the limits of one mind's

sphere, on speculation too ! Excessive versatility is a great bar to excellence in any *one* style, and this conviction has prevented my forcing my humble talents on uncongenial toils—Polar expeditions of discovery. I am less at the mercy of flattery than I am liable to be influenced by discouragement. Unsupported self-conceit I cannot understand, though I have seen enough of it. I could entertain no opinion of myself which others had not suggested, or with which others did not agree.

Mortifications and re-assurance, kindness and neglect, good faith and ill-conduct, have been dealt me so impartially, that I owe as many thanks to unknown sources as to my intimate friends ; as little advancement to my oldest acquaintance, as to utter strangers. My critics certainly have been my best supporters ; but if a token of sympathy from those we know not, falls with the added balm of disinterested justice, and is the more welcome for being unexpected, so, proportionately, do rudeness and falsity sting the deeper from those we hoped, by years of kind offices, we had secured to our interests. It is hard to find that persons to whom we looked up with confidence, treat us as if we were unworthy even of the common courtesies which a man might extort, but which a woman, situated as I am, must sink or swim without, unless they are voluntarily paid her, as they ought to be. It disgusts one to see offenders, because forgiven unasked, throw away opportunities of atonement, and waste on those who neither

deserve nor need it, the aid which might have saved one who put that very power into their hands.

Forced as I have been to tolerate such instances as these, my greatest satisfaction is, that they leave no *right* for me or mine to wonder or to *blame*, when *unlucky circumstances*, and *my own demerits*, oblige such of my judges *as know me not*, to *disappoint* my *expectations*.

I apologize for tediousness, but not for egotism. I am the duly elected member of a body, and only represent my party. This is a letter directed to a public office; I have the privilege of giving it a *frank* address.

I have no intention of whining on the misfortunes of genius, as if peculiar to myself. Similar little annoyances must have befallen every author, before time had taught him to look on business-like matters in a business-like manner. Some unliterary reader may say, that "the Public care nothing for *our* private feelings." Such a one had best throw down my book at once. I forewarn him, that it is filled but by *open* avowals of *individual* and "*private* opinions," in which "*I am unanimous*."

My great purpose now, is to reduce my store of papers more nearly to an equality in size with that portion of my luggage which is devoted to my wardrobe. I do not hope, by this publication, to make my portmanteau and bandbox weigh as heavily as my portfolios and desk, such as they are,—old trunks and music-books answering the purpose of keeping together the

unstitched papers on which I have been scrawling these twelve years,—a most unostentatious and uninviting hoard. A heap of ore, ere it is worked, could scarcely look more dingy: it is time that its *first* instalment of specimens should assume a portable and collected form. My own *improper* hand is unfit for hot-pressed Albums, and I could not expect my brother to *copy all my dreams*. If they lose some interest with myself, and one or two more, by ceasing to exist for us alone, it will at least gratify us to see them multiplied, without any further fatigue of ours.

The most furious exterminator of that (to me) fabulous race, "*the Blues*," will detect no symptoms of *learned* writing in my light reading.

It is but lately that I have known who or what were meant by "*the Blues*"; I always thought of the regiment so called, and could not bear to hear *military* men accused of pedantically *superfluous erudition*. I might have worn sky-coloured stockings, and never guessed that such trifles, if perceptible, could disgust a critical eye. I have not one lady friend who "*writes*"; but I was once shewn a live poetess in the streets, and, after a curious survey, "*I looked down at her feet, but that 's a fable.*" The azure demons have not, I trust, thrown any unpleasing gloom over my variegated leaves; it is difficult for me to be grave, while I have such a laughing-stock as my own melancholy.

I offer a volume which may be taken up at any time, by any kind of *light* reader, with some chance of harm-

less amusement, open it where he will; I have, from obvious motives, arranged its contents with as much reference as possible to dates, therefore trust they will be found to improve from the beginning.

Had I not to claim and to own a few pieces which have already been seen, there should not be one "doleful ballad" amongst them. I chose my title and my motto, resolving to suit the contents of my volume to them, rather than (by selecting material before I hit on a name) admit such verses as might deserve to be "baptized in tears."

"A Lady of Quality" may *afford* to indulge in descriptions of squalid misery; and, dating from some fashionable watering-place, head her first Canto with—

"Take physic, Pomp! expose thyself to feel
What wretches feel."—SHAKESPEARE.

Female poets also, blessed by fame and competence, surrounded by flatterers, may publicly in verse bewail the *tender sorrows* which they as publicly in conversation deny. Let those stoop to affectation who will; hint of each glowing picture, that "it is but fancy's sketch"; or assert that their songs address but *unreal* objects. My "organ of ideality" was never so "strongly developed," but I exult that I was gifted with a heart of sufficient vigour to admire spontaneously, happily, and innocently, whatever is, or *seems*, great, good, and fair, in art and nature, never inanimate for me; and while the flowers, the stars, the sea, painting, sculp-

ture, and music, suggest to my mind associations of *moral* beauty, I will not fear that genius and virtue, reflected by "*the human face divine*," can ever wring from my heart an idolatry offensive to Heaven!

If the objects of my praise shrink from it, as if it were "censure in disguise," I can only retort in the same spirit. Since it is not *permitted* them "to do good by stealth," they have no *right* to "blush to find it fame." If they *will* deserve *universal* esteem, they *must* put up with it; it serves them right!

With such feelings I have been happy, toiling in solitude, and in weak health, on the hopes of still delayed reward, for twelve hours a-day, with scarce five minutes' pause, without sleep or appetite, in fact forgetting *self* altogether; shutting out the strifes and cares, "the pomps and vanities" of the world. The impulse which fevered me when Imagination was my *New-found-land*, and life itself a novelty, has supported, does support, and (while my sight lasts, or my hand can wield a quill) *will* support me, under all privations, even if I *must remain unknown*, over paying me for all the past, present, and future defeats of my humble career, and lifting me above the prosaic disgusts of my wandering yet secluded life. My absorbing interest in the characters I draw, the internal activity of hidden thoughts, is essential to the existence of one so averse to every other species of bustle and excitement: it expands my heart, and bestows on it a pure and calm enjoyment, which I should vainly attempt to communicate.

There is a solace in this fellowship with greater disembodied spirits, which I could not taste in the literary "re-unions" of the living; and the power of rendering one's own ideas pleasing to *unknown* yet *congenial* minds, I would not part with for love nor money—"a forest of *deer*," nor a "wilderness of *monkeys*." Were my poems worthy their themes, could reading them confer as much pleasure on others, as writing them gave me, I should not have a doubt of their success; for the most sentimental effusion here was a "holiday dream" to me. The hours spent in versifying my romantic enthusiasm, have been the brightest festivals of my life, except those in which I *imbibed* the stimulants that inspired my agreeable delirium.

Those pieces which have appeared in various periodical works, I selected for the purpose, as seeming to my unaided, partial, and prejudiced taste, better executed than their numerous brethren. I chose without reference to their subjects; yet, though they went to press without my name, I took care, by substituting the words *hers* and *she*, for *his*, *he*, and *him*, to travestie all parties concerned, lest amatory verse, by a lady, might seem too bold. I now restore them to their original truth; having, in this explanation, avoided the abrupt style which one uses in haste or in jest; for, as I before said, I have suffered enough for calling things by their right names, to remember henceforward, that *such* trifles are *never* overlooked.

The humorous and prose essays I have scattered

through the volume, as they cost me most trouble to compose, I feel less regard for them. Some of them were even written under an assumed age and character. I care not, therefore, what may be said of my mental efforts, so that critics spare, and uncritical readers appreciate, the language of my heart. Trusting that its "*easie sighs*" may not be misinterpreted, I most respectfully commend them to the public, saying, *unlike the Ghost—*

“ Pity me not ! *Nor* lend a *serious* ear
To what I shall unfold.”

Should any young, female poet, still in manuscript, peruse this Indefinite Article, she will feel, that, if I have endeavoured to warn her from publishing, I have not attempted to dissuade her from writing ; knowing (by my own devotion to it) that I should do so in vain.

To such a one, or rather, to *one such*, I would say—what must not be said in prose—what should be breathed in such lines as Byron addressed to Ianthe—if such were in my power to give ;—as it is, *I offer all I have*. Byron could do no more.

SONNET TO A FAIR POET.

YOUNG, lovely, gentle, and inspired maid !

Whose high and spotless name I may not breathe ;
To whom, in nameless guise, *perchance* have strayed

Some of a stranger's tributes—if the wreath
Ne'er found the brow for which alone 'twas twin'd,
'Tis not too late to tender it again !

The honest homage of a constant mind,

Weaned from all memories more bright and vain.
Esteem, and deep solicitude, should ne'er

Offend the good, nor grateful zeal disgust—
Which blesses, emulates—the example fair

Of patience chaste, benevolent, and just.

To this *I* dedicate, and not to fame,

The lays which bear my poor, but *not unworthy name*.

ISABEL HILL.

LONDON, 1829

SONNET.

IT seem'd, fair foe, in humour like thine own,
Careless, fantastic, elegant, and bold—
The hands of Nature, Beauty, Grace had thrown
Together, all the charms our hearts that hold—
Nature her grand simplicity bestow'd,
Beauty thy features form'd, and lit thine eyes,
Tuned thy warm voice ; while still to Grace they owed
The charm of movement, and the choice of size.
Yet these *alone* had never won *my* heart,
A heart beyond mere beauty's power to warm,
They knew the bounds, where all *such* power must part,
And gave thee genius, as the master charm !
Illumed thy pleasing form with peerless mind,
A spell, which, while I live, this wond'ring soul must
bind.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas sweet to sit beneath thine eye,
And in its lustre softly sigh,
 Ashamed, afraid, yet blest,—
To feel its wild beams seek my heart,
And read what words could ne'er impart,
 Then sun it into rest :

It was a calm, so soft, so deep,
It felt like infants' summer sleep,
 Within their mothers' arms ;
A slumber which a kiss might break,
Love's lightest breath might bid awake,
 To sweet, yet dread alarms !

POCKET MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 1818.

MORNING THOUGHT.

Oh the dreams of gay childhood are careless and sweet,
Where flowers and soft music and butterflies meet,
Where the woods are more green, and the meadows
 more fair
Than the woods or the meadows of truth ever were !

But the dreams of gay childhood are nothing in sooth,
When match'd with the visions of passionate youth ;
Where all pleasures are raptures, which nought can
 excel,
Their source the pure heaven of that eye loved so well.

Then the flowers are the lilies that bloom on that brow,
And the music that voice, which *in dreams* deigns to
 vow ;
And the bright varying blushes, so quickly that fly,
All the tints of the fair summer flutter ~~ers~~ outvie !

Oh Love ! if each captive and votary of thine
Has visions, as soft and as lovely as mine,
Who shall dare to dispute, that thou know'st to repay,
By the sweets of thy night, all the cares of thy day ?

NOTE.

“ Brave men were living before Agamemnon.”

THESE were the first scraps of mine which ever appeared in print ; I was but eighteen ; considered myself fortunate in a *writing stock*, and longed to see my hymns to this *rising star* made public, that *I too* might start for “ *immortality*.”

I look back to laugh over the false prophecies of my childhood, the amiable mistakes which have been rather *unamiably* corrected.

As a rambling, thread-and-needle, bread-and-butter girl, I could neither afford nor value the scented, tinted, mottoed, and trophied gilt, Russia-bound Scrap Books, in which Misses were wont, even then, with crow quill and japan, most prettily to trace their prettinesses, for tea-table exposure. Nor could I stoop to “ waste my sweetness ” on those lady-like museums, embellished with the female fashions, about which I cared not a pin.

But “ The Pocket Magazine ” was neither too literary, nor too feminine. Its little cover, *couleur de rose*, contained a design, usually from Byron, a great attraction to me. It professed also to receive “ *Original Poetry*,” meaning *any* verse which had never been published before. For this pink of all Pocket Volumes I transcribed two pieces of my mother’s, as soon as she

had allowed me to subscribe for the work. I sent them, unknown to her, and enjoyed her surprise at beholding them, with her Christian name, *Isabel*, at the end of each. I afterwards sent the three preceding *morceaux*, under different signatures, post paid, deeming carriage, pens, ink, paper, time, having the two volumes bound, *and all*, overpaid by the honour and glory of insertion. I never dreamt of profit, nor that the absence of such dream was perhaps my sole recommendation with the Editor, who might have scorned a far higher Muse, had she proved more conscious of her worth. I knew of no right, no need to be mercenary—
“*Nous avons changé tout cela.*”

From their scored and blotted rough draughts I copied the three pieces which precede this, signing the last Edward. I had an acquaintance of that name, though, in truth, at the moment I forgot his existence. A good-hearted, amusing youth, who modestly answered to less than half of his just title, confessing himself a Poet, while, in reality, he was, by two syllables, more—a Poet-*aster*. My “Morning Thought,” with its companions, flourished in my next number of *Arliss*. I was looking over it, and wishing, too late, that its second stanza did not end so vilely, when my friend Edward entered; he also was a subscriber, though he knew not that “I too could scrawl.” He had seen *his own name* attached to the song, which he found me reading. I shut the book calmly, and put it away,

though really confused ; but he had rehearsed his start ; he had been bashful before a looking-glass, and was therefore awkward with a better grace than I. Knowing my man, I felt “ the future in the instant.” The offspring, disowned by its unnatural parent, was given over to his fathering ; he thought he might safely meet its filial claims half way. My unconscious mother praised the lines. I blushed unseen. Edward bowed. “ I thought I could not be mistaken in *the style*,” I said, mischievously ; to which he replied, with great humility, “ I will not *outrage veracity* for such a trifle, the thing of a moment ;—you must remember the occasion which elicited it ?”

“ Pretty well, for that matter, I believe.”

“ Yes, in our last conversation, *you* suggested the sentiment, I threw it into metre, and am proud, by setting my name to it, that I have directed *your* eye to a *tribute* which has no *merit* but its *sincerity*.”

“ Very prettily said !” exclaimed my mother. “ What then, the thought is Edward’s ? and addressed to *you*, Bell ?”

“ I’m sure, if it be, I’m very much obliged to him,” I replied, with an air, I suppose, of the most ludicrous dismay.

That *he* should claim *any* disowned verse, was nothing ; but that he should transform the poet into the theme, and present *himself* to me as *my* troubadour, on the strength of *my own* poor attempt, was so ridiculous,

that I could *not* laugh at it. I never unmasked him to himself ; but, as soon as he was gone, I *rummaged* in my paper-box, singing—

“ If I’m this little woman, as I suppose I be,
But, Lord have mercy on us all, I wish it *may be me*.”

Finding the original copy, I laid it open beside the printed one, adding,

“ I think this *slip* is mine,
For see, I’ve got the fellow !”

How diverted, yet how provoked my mother was with me, for allowing this pretender to presume on a fancied impunity ; but he had seemed so to believe the story, while he told it, so to enjoy his dream, that I could not find it in my heart to awake him. I sometimes used to talk *at* him of “ piracy”, of “ the elves that live on nightingale’s brains, having none of their own” ; of “ having one’s property invaded by Lacklands, who defy us to make reprisals” ; of “ culprits whose consciences could only be touched by detection.” I even told him the case in point, concealing names, and asserted that “ no punishment were bad enough for such a man, save that of taxing him with productions, if such could be found, more despicable than his own.” “ These were bitter words,” but Edward forgave them !

SPECTRAL ETIQUETTE.

PERHAPS there is no community, individually or collectively, which is more tenacious of its honour than that of Ghosts. Little is said of them now; but the race still exists, if ever it did, and without the degeneracy common to most classes of beings, labouring under the consciousness of increasing unpopularity and inevitable decay. 'Tis true that even fashion now conspires against them; the spectre who, in "My Master's Secrets," sports "a suit of nankeens, and a straw hat with green ribands," must have felt the gravity of his calling sadly outraged. Indeed, till something can be done for them in the way of costume, it is no wonder that they keep so much at home. Why cannot they have a "repository of arts," embellished for their instruction. A work so *spirituel* would overcome their aversion to society, and render such traits as the following of mere every day occurrence.

To this hour is living a lady, who long boasted of inviting and receiving them by day and night, with no purpose to answer but that of mutual satisfaction. The Highland seers, who fancied they inherited the fate of such converse, and the astrologers who wilfully sought the power, were weak enough to grow haggard and emaciated in the service. Not so the lady in question. I allow that her tête à têtes were the least

frequent of her interviews with *her own set*. Neither they nor herself liked performing to empty benches; the more numerous the circle to which she introduced them, the better. Her friends might, indeed, have remained unconscious of the honour done them (by visitors who came so *far*, and *put themselves so out of their way*) but for the would-be significance of eyes fixed on *congenial* vacancy, with which their hostess announced the frequent and familiar droppers in, some one or other of whom would be for ever "coming in and going out like a pet lamb." What pity that she could not give her friends any farther advantage from this unearthly acquaintance, as they would, if visible, have proved a perpetual supply of all eclipsing embellishments for her parties.

If "*lions*" from the extremity of *this* world be so enviably attractive, *she* might defy competition, who had interest enough to summon a display of eccentricities from *the other*, we won't decide which.

This Hecatising converse lasted some years, lending its professor a mystic influence over the *minds of fools* (pardon the paradox!), of servants, and of children.

At last she found one acquaintance, who so caricatured the peculiar etiquette of the first reception she was called on to witness, and cast such reflections (not *personal* I own) on the whole fraternity, that there was, from that moment, an obvious coolness between the lady and her ghostly guests; their enlivening society

being far less frequently afforded her ; though she still hinted at the continuance of their occasional visits in private.

Bolder grown, her sceptical friend, knowing that many persons will boast of *high* connexions which they never possessed, now began to imply doubts that so friendly an intercourse had ever existed at all ; and, lamentable to add, for the credit of ghostly courage, though they, as of course within hearing, might have risen to confront their asperser, they not only omitted the opportunity at the instant, *but never came again*. It was not long, however, before their motive became evident, as rather proudly forbearing than pusillanimous ; for one morning their former friend found on her dressing-table a note which had not been *seen* there when she retired at night ; it was written on *fancy* paper, in an almost *invisible* hand, whose *raven-quill* characters would have seemed *vanishing* from the sight but for the *inscrutable blackness* of the ink. Its perfume was exotic, but not *suspiciously* so ; and on the whole, it may be regarded as the latest criterion of the *state of letters* in the sphere from whence it came. Its seal was a death's head. It ran thus :

“ MADAM !

“ Knowing that you have permitted us to be abused as *nobodies*, *upstarts*, and *low company*, we must inform you of a rule amongst us, the enforcement of which, in the present case, we owe to ancient usage and our own

dignity ; namely, never to enter a house where one individual has the temerity to treat us with irreverence or mistrust.

(Signed)

“ CERTAIN APPEARANCES AND SOUNDS,
OF UNCERTAIN EXTRACTION.”

This conduct at least was *spirited*. After this neither friend nor foe saw nor heard any more of these inestimable visitants, and if *really existing* intruders would as quickly take a hint, or act with as much pride and delicacy, it would do even more good than thus freeing a weak head from the fatigue of inventing, or its tongue from that of uttering such useless and inexcusable falsehoods.

This Paper appeared in the New Monthly Magazine in some spring month of 1822, presented by an *engaged* contributor to that work, I believe, as his own. Its insertion fully repaid *me*, though he perhaps fared better—*n'importe*.

My incredulous defiance of “ the powers *that be*,” my graceless pertness, provoked them to convince me of my error. “ He jests at scars who never felt a wound.” I had never then been in Scotland and Ireland, where firm, cheerful, and well-cultivated minds confess what is *called* superstition. “ Seeing is believing,” when what you see is unex-

pected, unaccountable, when it comes upon a mood so opposite to that of fanciful fear, that you would call it *life, identity*, did not *facts* prove *that* impossible. Of the wraith to which I allude, every female visionary would desire a "*second sight*." It was ominous of misfortunes which we have survived. Had it been a mere fetch, I should now be *above* mentioning it, as even "dead (wo)men tell no tales." I will not intrude on my *Holy Day Dreams* "such a questionable shape," but "I *could* a tale unfold."

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

I DREAM no more of that castle high
Where mocked by envy might I roam,
While its chill pride would still deny
Its fame's poor troubadour—a home ;
I'll seek a lowlier bower of love,
If happier it may prove to be—
I'd rest at last, no more to rove,
'Neath Greenwood Tree.

I will not turn to the twilight dale,
Whose rosy gloom and glowing air,
How late—so long—could sweetly veil
And wed me to my dangers there ;
For now, refreshing air and earth,
Safety and Hope are found with thee,
Here all is innocence and mirth,
Thou Greenwood Tree !

Many a joyless eve I prayed
For blessings on that turret pale ;
Many a noon, too idly, strayed
In that dim, delicious dale.
Though both were strong in mystic charm
I knew they offered nought for me—
What were *mine own* my breast should warm,
My Greenwood Tree !

By the prophetic, childish flood
 Mine eyes, when first they saw thee, shed,
While both within our native wood
 Grew, 'mid the flowers that now are dead—
My birth-place, nay my filial debt
 To her, who ever smiled on thee,
Must memory lose, ere I forget
 Our Greenwood Tree !

Grace of the Groves ! inviting rest—
 Eternal youth and bloom be thine !
No other bower should shield my breast
 If thou wert mine, and only mine ;
I dare not hope for Poet's bays,
 Nor may Love's rose my chaplet be,
But wreaths from thee would crown my lays,
 Sweet Greenwood Tree !

The Sun's own golden hues on high,
 The lily's dazzling white around,
While Heaven laughs down, with azure eye,
 And ruddy blossoms strew the ground—
As, glittering with diamond dew,
 Thy tender leaves dance merrily,
The sight can life and love renew,
 Soft Greenwood Tree !

On thy young buds the wild bees live,
 Whence melody and perfume shower,

Thy flexile form the zephyrs give
Thousand new witcheries, every hour ;
The white rose climbs thy graceful arms,
And hangs its garlands over thee,
The ring-doves hymn thy sheltering charms,
Fair Greenwood Tree !

Though thy tall head is midst the stars,
Pure Peace lies 'neath thy pleasant shade,
Where Echo but with Music wars
On the lulled air, no storms invade—
If I must leave these sounds—this sight—
Earth were a wilderness to me ;
What palace could thy loss requite,
My Greenwood Tree ?

May no rude envious axe despoil
The sylvan glories of thy bough,
May Winter late, and lightly, soil
The vernal tints, so beauteous now !—
And when, at last, Time wills thy rest,
Which may I never live to see !
He will have felled *our* forest's best,
Dear Greenwood Tree !

NOTE.

MY "Greenwood Tree" was written before I read Mr. Peacock's exquisite song of "The slender beech and the sapling oak." During the reign of "Maid Marian" at Covent-Garden, an acquaintance copied some of the verses, and (having by *dashes* and capitals reduced their meaning to a mere *quibble on a name*) sent them to the then "Maiden queen." Years after this, I was seated in the Bath theatre, behind some fair *branches* of the lady's family, with whom my brother was conversing; these identical lines their topic. One of them was "sure that they were not *composed* by the gentleman who sent them," and attributed them to another, little guessing that the conscious scribe, and the *unconscious theme*, were both listening to the discussion. My rustic friend had no idea that any of my bits of flattery could have been aimed so low. In his opinion there was but *one* person in the world to whom women had any right to poetize. I was too proud of this convenient notion to correct it. This was, as the Giaour says,

"In earlier days, and calmer hours"—

"'Twas strange, he prophesied my doom."—

I could quote many applicable lines, from the succeeding *forty*, but, thank Taste, not one of those which tell of shame or of despair would be included.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

SPRING comes ! And as it came for me alone ;
I ever must remember when I first
Welcomed it worthily. New years, each one,
Till then had brought me but fresh smiles. It
burst—

The glory of the season—in one day,
Upon the first May of my youth. I ran
Forth to my woods and flowers, to hail its ray,
Like prisoner released ; but there began
The sense that sways me now. Amazed, I found
I could not sing as I was wont, nor bound
Over the jewelled moss, nor by the stream ;
But gazed, and blushed, and trembled 'neath the beam !
A secret influence, a mysterious thrill,
I could not name, by tears bereft of power,
Passed like a bright spell o'er me then, and still
I never had been happy till that hour !
And use, which palls the joys of art, must find
My passion for pure Nature still untamed ;
Foredoomed to haunt through age my grateful mind,
Nay, light my heart till death itself shall blind,
And claim that hoard of love by all beside unclaimed !

LITERARY MUSEUM, 1823.

WITH A RING.

THESE gems, by Love disposed, to form
A word, with hopes and blessings warm,
From heart to heart a spell,
Are not so precious for their hue,
Nor the famed mine from whence they grew,
As the kind things they tell.

'Tis thus the varied harmony
Which from thy features conquered me,
Or from thy voice doth move,
I did not, for its brilliance seek,
But, for the charm it seemed to speak,
Pure and eternal love !

But if bestowed, not understood,
Possession's oft too fickle mood
Should but one gem displace,
Unmeaning then, its tale untold,
And valued but as jewelled gold,
This ring would *both* disgrace.

And so my heart, should thy caprice
Perplex its hopes, to love must cease ;
Or, wildered from delight,
With each material for thy bliss
Made useless—worse—by sport like this,
Were better broken quite !

MARIA.

BEAUTIFUL? Yes! if spells intense
In every step, in every trait,
Can satisfy fastidious sense,
Can steal the heart, and force its stay;
The undulating outline's might,
Its free repose—variety—
Rounded, yet slender; gliding, light,
Its languishment, its dignity,
Wild, modest, natural, caressing,
That made mere sight too vast a blessing!
And, oh! that new and tameless air
Breathed round her, unprofaned as fair,
All health and youth; which, if it be
Not Beauty's self, our hearts agree—
In spite of features—size—to doubt
If beauty e'er was *dear* without!
But *she* had *both*. Hands sparkling white,
Minutely fashioned, as a fay's,
With faultless face, and queenly height,
Dark quivering brows, above the rays
Of her full, liquid, wandering eyes,
Whose meanings mocked their sober dyes!
And lovely? Aye! if Beauty's best
Be that which Painting cannot reach,
Nor even Love's descriptions teach,
The winged charms that never rest—

If to look placid when she wept,
If to look joyous while she slept,
If blushes, not of rosy glow
As decked her shining lips below,
But a faint *flash*—a vermiel flame,
Which, o'er her breast, like torchlight came,
E'en through her careless curls that shed
Its moment's fire, scarce seen ere fled,
And o'er that front's broad moonbeams, rolled
But clustering clouds of dusky gold !
Oh ! if a cheek unblemished, round,
Transparent, dimpled, e'er was found
To tempt the touch, again, again,
Till every moment lost was pain,
And absence left a void—a chill—
Till *she* returned, to haunt us still ;
If sighs, delicious to inhale
As burning balms, or spicy gale,
A deep, low voice, that *must* betray
The *heart*, or tender, grave, or gay,
Exultant, passionate, resigned,
Proud, maddened, lost, but *always* kind—
If *this* be Beauty, 'twas *her* own,
Her's indescribably—alone—
Her's, who is gone ; and her's no less
All *this*, if this be loveliness !

SINCERITY.

[Written in 1816—my Sixteenth Summer.]

False the idolatrous songs that say
Nought mates thine eyes, so gaily bright ;
For, to thy wit's inspiring ray
Weak is their clear and dazzling light.
False are the loves which speak thy brow
The whitest wonder of this earth ;
For well thine open heart I know
Pure as the heaven which gave it birth.
False 'tis thy lip, so full and warm,
Life's richest, deepest, spell to call,
For from thy soul there breathes a charm
More freshly, sweetly cordial !
False 'tis to swear thy features shine
In faultless graces most alone,
For every thought and act of thine
Eclipse their idler vaunts I've known.
False that thy thrilling voice should wrest
Our fondest praise ; its fame would die
Did " that within " the palm contest,
Thy temper's perfect harmony.
They wrong thee who commend alone
The form *I* scarce exult is fair ;
Thy worth had made my heart thine own
Though ne'er so humbly lodged it were.

Then tell them, (who thy beauty praise,)
The casket *half* deserves its prize ;
Nor let them make, by flattery's lays,
Thy virtues rivals—in thine eyes !

LITERARY MUSEUM.

MY NEPHEW.

[Writing anonymously, and under an assumed character, I had nothing to do with *facts*, relating to myself.]

IT was in the January of 1820, that I was made an uncle. We expected the death of "the good old king," George III., and the birth of my nephew, just at the same time.

Such events, to young men like myself, are interesting. I love to speculate, and to reflect: when I have a new coat, I wonder what may happen before it is old, not only to the article itself, but to Europe at large. With these expanded views, I could not help regretting that political prospects promised so little for my young relative's future observation. "Poor boy!" I cried, "innumerable short reigns, and long court-mournings will be *your* portion; no *young* kings! Coronations will be no sights to you; no crowds, no accidents. The actors in such shows will be wooing us, in vain, to come and witness them. You 'have fallen upon evil days.' Things must change entirely, before you can be made an enthusiastic Englishman, like your uncle."

But how could I help it, born, as I was, on the morning of the 1st of January 1800? Yes, I began the century, and who knows but I may end it? A Chelsea pensioner died, the other day, at the age of one hundred and six. Surely then, I, who have lived by rule, ever since such

possibility entered my youthful brain, *may* die on the 31st of December 1899. How it would read ! I wish not to survive an hour beyond ;—that would spoil all. If anything could excuse suicide, it were the worthy aim of insuring such an epitaph. I have avoided all sorts of excess, excitement, or superfluous danger, for these last ten years. It was a debt I owed to the fortune which cast my lot in such a period ; giving a colouring and a character to my lightest actions, and wedding them, as it were, with the spirit of the time ; inspiring me with public feeling from my birth, and bestowing on me the enviable opportunity of reading a part of my country's history so interesting, not through the distant, dry, and partial medium of books, but in the original, fresh from the mint of reality, with its minutest detail as sharp as St. George's sword upon a new sovereign.

Every change was appropriate to my changing fate. Thus I lived a babe in the General Peace ; got an Irish nurse with the Union ; my eyes were first lifted to heaven by the discovery of three new planets ; while I took gingerbread, our forces took Copenhagen. Invasion was a vision of my nursery. Buonaparte was my bugbear ; volunteering and press-gang my first games. The death of Nelson was impressed on my mind by my mother's tears and transparencies, and my own Trafalgar trowsers, in which, by the way, I saw Mr. Pitt I remember, for the only time in my life. The Spanish patriots were my heroes of romance. The burning of Moscow was the first thing that made me

swear ; nor could I be thrown into a consternation at less expense than a war with America. The King reigned fifty years, that I might shine with a Jubilee medal. The comet lit me home from my earliest equestrian jaunts, and my poney's name was *Regent*. The Thames was frozen over just as I was learning to skait ; and I thawed my fancies at Orange-boven bonfires.

An Ex-emperor instructed me in the history of Elba ; and this man, who, in his illimitable power, I had been taught to detest as little better than a demon, in his fall I was soon after expected to admire as a demi-god. The year of Waterloo made a man of me ; and, by the time "*the Duke*" returned, I was able to lend a hand in drawing his carriage through the loyal streets of Bristol.

I pass over the importance resulting to me from the military adventures of my father and cousins. I insist not on the sight-seeing twelvemonth, divided between London and Paris, which followed. It would ill become me to exult in my own good luck, or in the hoard of marvels, glories, and disasters, stored up for the reflections of my age, and the delight of my listening grandchildren. But it were expecting next to impossibilities to hope, that in any future three-and-twenty years, so many sanguine victories, so many illustrious deaths, by suicide, assassination, or otherwise, so many royal marriages, can be *got up* for the amusement of the spectators. Can any *other* two experiments of equal éclat with our gas and steam be brought to perfection, for the benefit of my nephew's youth ? Can Drury-Lane Theatre be burnt

down again, on purpose that a Byron should immortalize the "one dread night"? Will fresh Kembles and Siddonses electrify *his* evenings? or a new Great Unknown perplex *his* days? Can the fashions ever vary again so rapidly? Is there any hope of another Queen's trial? Who is to succeed Johanna Southcote? Alas, the Polar expedition is already becoming cold; the velocipede and the kaleidoscope are no longer *to be* invented. The new streets are built, and can now only grow old. My nephew will have but, like a hero of Ossian, to "listen to the voice of the past." To him, craniology, and Liston, and Sadler's balloon, and Belzoni, and the Camilla Japonica, and Tom and Jerry, will be but confused names. He will see nothing like them with his own eyes, as I have done. Time has exhausted his wonders. "Posterity has nothing left to write."

LITERARY MUSEUM, NOVEMBER 1823.

TO ONE WHO WOULD HAVE COMPOSED AIRS
FOR ME.

KIND Minstrel ! if thy gifted reed
Will to my sorrows wake,
I'll think, should pity be their meed,
It is but for *thy* sake,
Nor dare offend their lovely theme
By vainer hope's presumptuous dream.
And dost thou ask what should resemble
The tone that speaks my fears ?
Be it like bursting sighs, that tremble
Between a gush of tears,
That break the heart—suspend the breath—
Yet must be heard, though but in death.
Be it like pang that *would* not cease,
So soft, so deep, so wild,
Dearer than hope, or joy, or peace,
By its loved cause exiled.
A plaint 'neath too much rapture made,
Oh do not let one note upbraid !
And ask'st thou, sounds like these to suit
What lay I mean to frame ?
My hand is weak, my lips are mute,
They can but form that name
For which my lyre and heart are broken,
And sweeter, sure, was never spoken !

WRITTEN 1821, NIGHTINGALE VALE, WOOLWICH.

LITERARY MUSEUM.

SONNET.

WITHERED wild rose ! since such thine envied fate,
Torn from thy twin buds, and preferred to rest
On my dear Beauty's breast,
I have prolonged, as he curtailed thy date.
Where are thy kindred ? earth received their fall,
Defiled their charms, while thou alone hast been
Untouched, and still unseen.
Save by himself and his fond slave—of all ;
Those hands and eyes have made thee sweeter far
Than did the Spirit who embalmed thy birth !
And when they lie in earth,
And mine as lifeless, and as loveless are,
Flower ! with these lines surviving, thou wilt prove
'Twas from *his* breast *I* stole *the Rose of Love* !

NIGHTINGALE VALE, 1820.

LITERARY MUSEUM, 1824.

SONG.

[Written at Woolwich, 1822.]

AYE, bloom, and be gathered, ye field flowers, now !
Unrivalled pride on in your odorous glow,
The fond breast of beauty your throne will restore,
For the *Rose*, alas ! blesses her bower no more.

Yes, sing, and be heeded by lovers again,
Wild birds, uncompar'd your so passionless strain,
Unthought of, unfamed, its rude efforts before,
But the *Nightingale* sings in our valley no more.

And, undimmed by envy, ambitiously shine
Ye stars, never noticed till daylight's decline,
Now safe, uncontested, your beams may ye pour
Where the *Sun* rises bright o'er the woodlands no more.

Let others admire ye, my memory is true
To the bloom, song, and sunlight, so late that I knew—
Be others contented ! *I* fly to the shore
Where charms, such as yours, were remembered no
more !

THE ADVENTURER.

[On the *reported* disappointment of a celebrated Navigator.]

YE saw how suff'ringly I bore
My long, imprisoned banishment ;
How the chill air of that black shore
Maddened my brain, my heart-strings rent—
My perils, all were shared with you,
My toils, privations, agony,
My ceaseless cares, as fruitless too,
My gay, brave patience, *all* ye knew
Save what supported me !

It is the wretch's privilege
To indemnify his present pains
By boundless expectations. Age
Is ardent in an exile's veins ;
But *I* was *young* ! Prepared for all
Of promised, certain ecstasy,
With longings no excess could pall,
For they were stainless—Precious thrall !
If *this* is—to be *free* !

For Thee alone, my destined prize,
I prided in my hard won fame,
I *would* not doubt ; thine angel eyes
Were *sure* to bless my rightful claim ;

I *saw* thee, craving my return,
With prayers — fears — thoughts—for none
but me,
Knew thine inquiring soul would burn
The thousand wondrous tales to learn
Which I had stored for thee !

How madly I my freedom caught,
And, for the first time, though I fled
Perchance, I deemed, for ever, nought
Regretted ; memory seemed dead.
At last thy home—my heaven—I viewed,
And hurrying found—Ah ! could it be
Thy hand which dealt a shock so rude ?
Our bower a darksome solitude,
Whose echoes answered me !

Give me my dangers bleak afar,
If *this* my sole reward and greeting !
There I was rich in hope ; as are
Fond maniacs, in their visions fleeting,
One guiding flame there sunned my fate,
Now ever lost to truth and me—
“ Forget or scorn ! ” too late, too late !
No, I may die—but cannot hate—
Revive—but ne’er be free !

DOROTHEA
TO THE RANGER OF HADDON.

[Vide "The King of the Peak," and "The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth."]

Now Hubert be my patron saint !
And woodland green my hue—
A stream my mirror, a steed my throne,
And all for love of you
Bold Rider !

Huntsman, for love of you !

Yon deer-hound shall my playmate be,
Yon hawk my bower partake,
That horn my music, this glaive my toy,
And all for thy dear sake,
Proud Outlaw !

Wanderer, for thy sake !

What wit can shine more keen and bright
Than the holly, and its bead ?
What gorgeous language more than right
Yon forest's varied head ?
Free Nature !

What a life thy votaries lead !

The Autumn be my holiday !
The fern my feathers be,
The heath my purple, the broom my gold,
If I may follow thee,
Young Rover !

Yes, if I may follow thee.

The poppy's knots shall bed our rest,
The wild thyme's odours gay
Our incense prove, our curtain, Love !
Foxglove, or harebell gray !
Farewell then
To other home, for aye !

LITERARY MUSEUM.

AFFECTATIONS.

[Supposed to be written by a Gentleman.]

WAS it not in the Literary Museum that I read an article on masquerades?—Those held at the Opera-House I mean.—Something about the dullness of such exhibitions, in which the dress is the only portion of such and such characters that is assumed; or, worse still, where the mere external and technical features are caricatured, where Herod is out-Heroded, and Arabs are made “Plus Arabe qu’en Arabie.” Did not the article go on to say, that “carters are not *always* smacking their whips in real life?” This cautious truism was worthy of the lady who, when she read the announcement of “Jonathan Kentucky,” observed, “That sounds *very like* an American name.” Might one not, in this refined age, assert that *live* carters never smack their whips at all? Reality, nature, and accordance of manner with situation, would be the most amusing novelties, or revivals, that could now be produced. If it were the fashion, or the *law*, that, on one day in the year, all persons should appear as what they truly were, how many grave, great men, might turn up buffoons! how many gay and admired women would prove, at best, but dependent slaves, with no more beauty “than one might put on a knife’s point, and choke a daw withal.” Of the masquerade in real life, the dress is the *least* unnatural attribute. “Et c’est beaucoup dire.”

There is a Carnival which lasts all the year round, but we mark it not, though we wear masks ourselves ; we assume as many vices as virtues, deny our actual errors, and value few of our real redeeming traits. Deceived by our own first impressions, even where no art has been used to mislead us, we know little of our nearest intimates, and *not enough* even of ourselves. I love those mixed characters which defy general rules ; are not to be judged by common standards ; but, upsetting the dogmas of old prejudice, attest the infinite, inexhaustible variety of creation ; which force extremes to meet, and, by delicate blendures, or minute distinctions, leave no two individuals either exactly similar, or without *some* sentiments in common. I like people who, after long intercourse, can still surprise me by evincing qualities which I did not believe they possessed, provided these qualities be good ones. I like them the better for their inconsistency, their contrast to some opposite virtue, which, in the same breast, keeps up with them a *holy war*, and charms one with the “pretty discrepancies” of poor human nature. A perfect mortal would be nonsense to me.

It is but of late years, however, that authors have taken up this notion. I mean, of course, by *copying* “the original, old” masters ; between whose days and our own we have had villains all black, frowning, and demonic ; lovers, every one of them cast in the same mould, most elegant, most ethereal, “most musical, most melancholy ;” libertines, handsome, witty, artful,

and heartless ; all *subject to sudden death* ;—heroes and philosophers, all superhuman, passionless, “ grand, gloomy, and *peculiar* ;” spite all their mystery appreciated at the first glance, admired and revered, wondered at, and remembered for ever, by those who neither understood, nor were in any way obliged to them. Our first-rate heroines were (for too long a time) dignified, blonde, persecuted, and hysterical ; our second ladies lively brunettes, and married before their betters, without having been in love.

The lights and shades were broad and abrupt, every thing was superficial, every thing uniform ; “ one *tale* telleth another.” Knowledge of the world, and reference to history, has corrected these things. Now we have a dandy Corsair, who says of a sabre,

“ Last time it more *fatigued* my *hand* than *foes*.”

At what perfection may not this superiority to old fashions soon arrive ! Future novels must not *begin in the middle*, with dialogues or letters, alluding to persons and events about which the uninitiated know nothing. We shall never be able to discover what they *are*, by what they *say* ; but, after listening to half-an-hour’s vulgar slip-slop, from one character, broken only by brief sentimental animadversions from another, we may find that we have been introduced to a boorish peer, under the hands of an intellectual hair-dresser. Cooks will be interesting ; sailors precise ; “ strains of ravishing melody ” may emanate from the back-shop of some

scientific sempstress ; and fresh Dinmonts and Man-
nerings may find, that

“ If they want advice in law,
It is no use their asking it,
The lawyer ’s not at Westminster,
He ’s busy *Pas de Basqu’ing it !* ”

So much for our chance of seeming probable, in drawing from real life ; where the most penurious man may commit himself, by one act of prodigality, at which a liberal-minded being would have started ; and where the most frozen, pitiless females have, even in their latter days, cancelled a life of propriety by the caprice of an unguarded moment.

Did not Napoleon to all other books prefer Thomson’s Seasons ? Did not his admirer, Madame de Staël, hate the country, and feel in her element only when jewelled and feathered for a Parisian soirée ? The erudite Porson picqued himself more on his charades and comic songs, than on all his “ more abstruse extatics.” Dr. Kitchener deigns to *pun*, and “ Srom fredavi ” can well afford to put up with the fame of an exquisite. Of two other celebrated (and amusing) men, the one, I am told, though accustomed to toil for the applause of hundreds, can, in his hour of leisure, scarcely forgive one glance of gratitude, one stare of wonder, one smile of recognition, even from those who have found him *at home* to them, only the night before ; and the other, with feelings as quick, though less shrinking, is not to be trusted with a love tale, or at a tragedy, lest his sym-

pathy with “*beauty in tears*” should affect his health or reason, and rob him of the power to burlesque the sensibility which, in fact, he holds so sacred. Thus “all the world’s a stage.”

In the circle of my own acquaintance too, my friend T——, with no need to borrow *virtues* of any man, makes free with his neighbour’s faults, rather than live without some disguise; affects, with no other affectation, to tolerate what he would shrink from committing; is sought by everybody, esteemed by nobody, while he deserves to be esteemed and sought only by the good. With an effeminate person he is active, even to foolhardiness, and yet, in many respects, the most indolent of men. The same easy disposition which puts him in the power of every sharper, would render it a fatigue for him to be wilfully extravagant; so that he might be ruined without eclat, or escape without merit.

Honest M——, whom Nature meant for a plodding agriculturist, has the words “gentlemanly, elegant, educated, polished, ladylike,” for ever on his lips. He lives in town, cultivates the fine arts, is vain of nothing that he knows, and of every thing about which he knows nothing; while the contrast between his appearance and his conversation, renders ridiculous, things which severally, and in proper place, would command admiration and respect.

The brave and experienced Sir A—— D—— succeeds so well in making a fool of himself, by babyish tricks, that it is hard to decide *which* is the assumption

—the mistake ; whether he ought to have been a *grimacier*, and *not* a general, or *vice versâ*. He plays both parts so well, that one knows not with which one could dispense.

My noble stoic P——, with a directness of purpose, an austere simplicity of phrase and fare, that almost seems artificial, starts at the slamming of a door ; devotes nearly as much time to the outside of his head, as to the *in* ; is wretched without his rings and lavendered cambric-handkerchief, though he refuses to go “ into society ” to exhibit them ; *hates his conquests*, and laughs at sentiment.

The Fair afford many examples of the same kind, if I may cite them without offence.

Miss E——, designed by Heaven for an unidead, composed and queenly beauty, passes for clever and eccentric ; swears, faints, loves, and boxes, with equal zest ; and makes a merit of condescending so far ; fancying that she was born to be waited on, not from feeling herself helpless, but from making her less vigorous friends know, that she can extort their services, by force.

Mrs. V——, in whose early history there is, what the charitable or *sympathizing* of her own sex call “ an unfortunate something,” thinks a lady too much *undrest* when full drest ; and, when she misquotes in counselling her daughter to live “ chaste as the icicle on Dian’s temple,” adds, with a blush, “ I quote from the Family Shakspeare.” All this, too, with so little hypocrisy, that I know few, save her neighbour Miss L——, that

pattern of conduct, and empress of all the flirts, who ought to be excused from laughing at her.

Kitty ———, an old maid, is a contradiction to all the common-place descriptions of the sisterhood. Poor, and avowedly not single by choice, she refuses offers to this day, because the name of *bride* would no longer become her. She is fat, rosy, kind, content; fond of belles, children, young married people, and rich dowagers. She is as useful as the best wife in the world, would not speak ill of her bitterest enemy, if she had one; but she can make no one her foe, jesting only at *her own expense*, at which, by the way, her friends permit her to do as few *other* things as they can help.

I never yet was in company with my little eclectic widow Y——, that she did not ask Captain H—— to sing her “the Groves of Blarney;” nay, *simper* most at

“Bould Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
All (in dishabile) in the open air.”

Politics, painting, concerts, dancing, and “*horse exercise*,” divide her time with Sunday-schools, flannel-petticoat distributing, family-prayer, and visiting the sick. Carrying to these employments all those gay colours, and fashions, which give, as she drawls out, “the beauty—ah! of holiness—um!” She fills her vinaigrette with “*the odour of sanctity*,” and “thanks her Maker that her cards are good.” While Miss Z——, who never goes to church, adopts, in every sense, the *habits* of a hermit or a nun.

Young Ida, whose name is already in more title-pages than one, would rather be thought the most idle, frivolous, and ignorant of girls, than looked up to as a *literary Lady*; is proud only of knowing how to prevent every clown from being afraid of her, or remembering any thing but her charms *supposed*, for—

“ Ida, poet and beauty, has two little crimes,
She makes her own face, and can't make her own rhymes.”

How, then, are we, poor matter-of-fact people, to know what they all *are*? One infallible rule is suggested, in that which was applied by a northern shepherd to the predicted weather of Moore's Almanack. “ Read what he says, and expect the reverse.” Observe what people appear most like, and find the antipodes of the station and character assumed; you cannot be very far from the truth. If a passer by presents the exterior of a grazier, be sure to set him down for a great historian; if of a man-milliner, *he* is a patriot; if of a pauper, more poverty-stricken than ordinary, it is but fair to infer, that the National Debt has some chance of being paid off.

LITERARY MUSEUM.

NOTE.—The same person who presented “ Spectral Etiquette ” to the New Monthly Magazine, received my pieces for the Museum, and the same failure attended my expectations of finding their insertion profitable.

MINNA TO THE PIRATE.

[This Song, feebly imitating Shakspeare's "*Full fathom five*," was published, set to Music, by Mr. T. Millar, of Bath. The air is *pretty*, but inapplicable to the words. The Composer has been more felicitous in the service of Mr. Bayly's Muse.]

IF thou could'st die
I would not sigh ;
The element where thou art king,
Would yield for me
Some trait of thee,
In every richest—strangest thing !
Its own blue dye
Should seem thine eye,
Its foam, where moonbeams whitest fall,
Thy brow so fair ;
Thy radiant hair
Its deepest amber might recall !

Red coral buds,
Far 'neath the floods,
Should give thy sweet mouth back to me ;
And wreathed shells,
Where Music dwells,
Thy lulling voice would seem to be.

Its pearls thy teeth ;

Thy balmy breath

 The warmest, freshest, ocean gale ;

But—storms thy ruth,

And shoals thy truth,

 And siren songs thy false love tale.

ON ONE OF MY EARLIEST LOSSES.

[A Friend who lived with me from my fourth to my fourteenth
year ; died 1814.]

“ I can’t console myself with sack,
In this, my first quandary,
Tho’ for ten years, like Hal’s fat Jack,
I’ve loved nought but Canary.

For I have lost my one Bijou,
A jewel of a bird !
A wag, tho’ tame, tho’ fondled—true—
As worth being seen as heard ! ”

Thus, ere a volume bore his name
Our Christmas hearth to cheer,
I annually sung his fame
Who ne’er must reappear.

Yet no, not *thus*—such *deadly fun*
Had not been then thought good,
But now, my Muse looks for a pun,
As through a mourning *Hood*.

He was a Gem ! for Lady’s chamber
No toy more useful Hope has,
Insects he caught, in his own amber,
The only true Sir Topaz.

Tho' he took flies wherever let,
His gold they did not lighten,
Yet all he drove he overset,
As dandies do, at Brighton.

He was my musical breastpin,
A choice antique of late,
Proudly averse to discord's din
He soared without a mate.

He looked—he breathed—when song would cease,
A lump of virgin honey ;
He oft times was my pocket piece,
My childhood's pretty money.

Fortune might coined stores withhold,
I shared the Miser's joy,
He was my pure and living gold,
My only Yellow boy !

A minor Guinea fowl, no mule,
Yet, if the stubborn sinner
Broke my "No Song no Supper" rule,
He whistled for his dinner.

Brave too he was, in vain I search
For champion, to surpass
The hero who has hopped the perch,
My chosen lad of brass.

He fed on eggs he never laid,
'Till in his bower so dressy,
He charged the form his glass displayed,
For all his dreams were Cressy.

He'd fight me for a sugared crumb,
With feigning rage grown big,
Yet, long as he was worth a plum,
He did not care a fig.

I gave him raisins for his fare,
Currant reports of which
His grosser senses longed to share,
As with a Grocer's itch.

While o'er my grapes, he'd watch me still,
And, through my parted lip,
He would send in his little bill,
And so he got the pip.

Oft as he'd moult, before me bobbing,
He'd shout, still cock-a-hoop,
And roll, as bare as any robin,
To show he had the croup.

For feasts which tuned—a throat—a tongue
Unstained by hemp or rape seed,
He fled his cage, for that was hung,
And went abroad for *gape* seed.

Where'er I fixed him, pleased he stayed,
Yet, tho' he loved me more
Than liberty, in greenwood shade,
He stooped not to a door.

Upon my foot he'd sit and sing,
Nay, felt so little dread,
He'd oft protect me 'neath his wing,
While pitched upon my head.

Whene'er I read, his loudest sound
Such pedantry would cure,
For, tho' he littered all around,
He hated lit'rature.

If mine had been the Actress' part,
(Let not the name make *you* sick—)
He would have taught me all the art
Of "speaking through the Music."

He far preferr'd the traveller's path
To Milton, Pope, or Chaucer—
And walk'd o'er China into Bath,
By washing in a saucer.

I fill his fountain with my tears,
Yet, tho' he roosts in rest,
His seed shall flourish many years,
Like him "in saffron drest."

As barley-sugar, candy-rock,
At morning shone his form,
By one sad blow, by one o'clock.
'Twas cold as Cairn Gorm.

They wanted me his skin to stuff,
What stuff! and keep it there—
But I had crammed it quite enough,
While he could prize my care.

His hoarded feathers still are dear,
For such love cannot vary,
And oft I wipe away a tear,
With remnants of Canary!

TO MON AMI.

Since there beat two hearts in this world, between
M and the honoured title of thy love,
Oh ! that there had some new made language been,
Our union, ours *alone*, to express and prove !
But be it warmest—coldest—first—or last—
Most light and far—or to thy soul most nigh—
Afford me whatsoever name thou may'st—
And I will bear it, very thankfully !

Call me thy *slave*, yet no, thine humble mind
Will nought with such a term indefinite—
Or, but thy *friend*, yet friends can grow unkind,
And thine own sex may share that common right ;
Ah ! for some phrase, ardent yet free from guilt,
On purpose framed that our lips might apply ;
Yet, give me, sweet, whatever name thou wilt,
And I will answer, most contentedly !

Call me thy sister, yet, I am not so—
Truth would reprove ; and those who really are
Have stained the tie, with anger and with woe,
Which I would die to rob of every care.
Words then are needless trifles, when all 's done ;
What can they more endear, 'twixt thou and I,
So grant me *every*—*any* name—or *none*—
I still shall bless thee to eternity !

WORTHING PAPER.

LINES TO THE RUSH OF THE WAVES.

When the full summer moon is high,
Silver shield of the queen who rules o'er
All the stars of the purple sky,
I dote on the song of the shore!—
As it stirs 'mid the heavy trees,
Or the hollow shells, scattered and wet,
Where the leaves dance alive to the breeze,
Where the echoes their watches have set!

Eternal sound! Voice of the main!
Pulse of immortal ocean!
Began with Time, and never again
To cease, for one hour, thy commotion.
Sometimes in tiny ripples to splash
Like lullabies, soft and stilling;
But oftener with giant waves to dash,
And a dark roar stormy and killing.

Ere we were born, that noise was here,
When we are all dead, here still it shall be;
As fresh for ages, as now we hear
The floods, that have talked eternally!
Wonderful Sea! thou art half the world;
Still kiss thy twin Earth's welcoming bowers,
And when Time his wings o'er *her* ruins hath furl'd,
Weep for thy sister of hills and flowers!

WORTHING PAPER.

TO A RAVEN.

THE cheery call of chanticleer,
Wakes from his dreamless bed,
The hunter of the tall dun deer,
Ere yet the east is red ;
The cooing of the watchful dove,
Or startled wild bird's trills,
Breaks the light sleep of happy love
From visions day fulfils !

But to the useless, joyless one,
There is a darker wing,
Which matins—like death's hoarsest groan—
Full heavily doth bring.
And this is meet—Oh ! it would be
A sin, if thou wert heard
By loveliness or infancy—
Ill-omen'd, savage bird !

Comest thou not from some murder's scene,
Which none doth know but thee ?
The corpse of one who lost hath been
Long and mysteriously ?
Thy horrid croak, and sable plume,
Say, all is vain below—
And tell to melody and bloom
They fleet more fast than thou !

Some say thou art immortal—lone,
Thy race so aged are ;
Men deem it an eternal *One*
That wanders every where.
Drear thing of death ! the warn'd one hears
Thy sullen angry cry ;
Unseen I know thee, tho' 'tis years
Since thou wert last so nigh.

Abrupt, continuous, fateful, rare,
Thine unforgotten call,
I know me mark'd ; release the air
From thy blood-tainted pall.
Nay, flap not at my casement more—
Fly, voiceless, to thy tree,
Thy mission 's done ;—go feast in gore,
I shall remember thee !

WORTHING PAPER.

A CHARACTER.

HE is a riddle to me to this day. Whether he has the *most* or the *least* "tact" of any man living, I am yet in doubt. Certain it is, that he never uses the word. He can't himself explain why he so generally is right in every thing.—"Accident," "instinct," "impulse," are the only causes to which he permits one to attribute the instant justness of his perceptions. In company once with a gentleman, whose near relation had disgraced him, I forgetfully blundered on the subject of transportation; in an instant, but too late, remembering circumstances, I stopped covered with confusion, and know not how I should have extricated myself, had not my friend, with a most insensible visage, broke into praises of New South Wales, and Major Wallis's account of it; the name led to that of Wallace, the Scottish chief; his, to Miss Jane Porter's; her's to Thames Ditton: that to Hampton Court; Charles's Beauties; "Peveril of the Peak;" La Mauvaise Societé;—De Grammont; the French language in general; and in less than five minutes we had touched on half-a-dozen pleasant subjects, all appearing to have sprung naturally from the one he had never *seemed* attempting to leave behind. *Obviously* he sympathizes only where sympathy were delicate and accept-

able—takes a hint with instant readiness—“anticipates the asking eye”—is blind, and deaf, and dumb, whenever visible consciousness of what is going on would give pain; and yet, in reality, it were fruitless to attempt concealing any thing from him. He reads your inmost thoughts at a glance—enters into every body’s feelings—is alive to the most delicate irony—admires in others the learning and polish he never toils to attain himself. His few merits are sterling—there is no pretence about him, his needless candour exposes all his faults. He swears he is careless and inconstant, yet nobody believes him—he forewarns you that he can keep no secret nor promise, yet every body trusts him. Whoever he is with, he will make happy, if he can—he forgets you in absence, but, years after, is as glad to meet you again, and as confident of a mutual greeting, as if he had written to you every week in the interim. He is at ease in every situation—has no notion of conferring or receiving favours and obligations. He is magnanimous as if he could not help it. No one can condescend to him. He calls the king “a capital fellow,”—talks of the Duchess of Kent, as “a good creature, poor soul!” and yet there is a respect and cordiality in the manner all the while, which would reconcile it even to the illustrious persons themselves. He makes sure of always being understood in the same spirit with which he speaks; and, without much sensibility of his own, happens

never to wound that of others. He never *seems* on his guard, and yet cannot be taken by surprise. Those he hates never guess it, either by his actions *to*, or report *of* them. He defeats his foes by never showing that he feels an injury, and lives "the only hypocrite deserving praise."

WORTHING PAPER.

ON HEARING HIM PRAISED.

'Tis soothing, in a May-noon's lassitude,
To hear some unseen, solitary flute,
With feeling skill breathed, when all sounds more
rude—

All other sounds are far away, or mute ;
'Tis soothing to inhale, beneath the moon,
The balmy silence of some rose-weaved bower,
'Tis soothing through the stirless leaves of June,
To mark some unheard fount its sparkles shower.

'Tis soothing, by broad Ocean's sandy shore
To stray, in morning's twilight, soft and grave,
Feeling the breeze that roves our features o'er,
Tell of the sun, which soon will gild the wave ;
Soothing the melting hues of Western heaven,
Passion subdued, or heart of secret eased,
'Tis soothing to forgive, or be forgiven,
Or first feel certainty of having pleased !

Soothing, some tale from lips we ne'er again
Hoped thus to listen, or to breathe so near,
And soothing is the first rest after pain,
And Virtue's smile,—Poverty's grateful tear ;
Soothing the sight of innocence asleep,
Rewarded Valour, Beauty's early bloom,
And soothing, as pure balm, the tears we weep
When Piety sinks timely to the tomb !

But far more sweet than this, than these, than all,
Is praise bestow'd upon the distant dear !
Just praise, which to the heart absolves its thrall,
In the sole pride that 's guileless as sincere.
It thrills throughout me, like the fabled dew,
Restoring youth for an eternized joy !
Then Stranger ! praise not *me*, but let anew
His worth, *his* genius all thy songs employ !

But add no word of *beauty* ! See, Oh see !
What trembling blushes e'en the name alarms ;
Alas ! I need not *yet* reminded be,
He reigns in peerless as unconscious charms.
When'e'er, from other cause my heart may prove
The "sweet content and rest" *thou* bad'st it feel,
'Twill wed thee with the image of my love,
And bless in transports thy remember'd zeal !

WORTHING PAPER.

TO THE FLATTERERS OF A PLAGIARIST.

TRANSLATED, 'tho' by noblest hands,
To Earth's most polish'd tongue,
The Ettrick Shepherd's ballad stands,
'Twill but its beauties wrong.
Copy *they* from yon painter poor
The triumph of his skill?
Albeit of *praise* far *more secure*,
'Tis but a copy still!

Thou Moon, bedeck'd in Phœbus' light,
We bless thy reflex dim,
Yet feel thou only canst be bright,
In borrowing *all from him*!
Ye Princes, in whose wintry hall
Far Iran's attar glows,
Art's debt to Nature yet recall,
And bless the sylvan rose.

And, as your diamonds round ye shine,
Still think to whom *ye owe*—
The slave who labours in the mine,
Did *first* that brilliance know!
Nor, moving in your silken sheen,
Ye Fair, forget ye, when
All this soft pomp a worm's had been,
And ne'er so rich as then.

Ye gay, who stain with wine *that spring*,
Or pall'd with heated air,
Unmix'd may waste it, on the sting
Of cloy'd and feverous care ;
Ye guess not from what rural source,
Your chosen draught ye drew—
Perchance, so strong is habit's force,
Ye 'd scorn it, if ye knew.

I *thus* alone, dare o'er it frown,
Who, from its fountain head
Have quaff'd its first caught sunbeams down,
As from the depth it sped.
To drain it from a lordly cup
Ye lose that fresher taste,
With which it wildly sparkles up,
And blesses all the waste.

Oh ! had ye e'er—afar—alone—
Enjoy'd its charmed store,
Ye 'd ne'er its power nor sweetness own,
From courtly chalice more.
For here its first pure balm defiled,
And turn'd to tears *I* find ;
For having wander'd from the wild
And left its flowers behind.

TRUISMS.

KING ! who now art flatter'd, great,
Powerful, rich, exhaustlessly,
Lo ! a bier is at thy gate,
The time will come when thou must die.

Beauty ! who art envy's mark,
Buoy'd on youthful vanity,
In the rose lie cankers dark,
The time is coming thou wilt die.

Sage ! Fate laughs at all thy lore,
Tho' e'en age thou dost defy,
Years unmiss'd return no more,
Wake, wise dreamer, thou'rt to die.

Infant ! innocent and blest,
Mother ! gazing trancedly,
Cold may soon be either breast,
Dust—corruption—ye must die.

Bard ! who scarce art now on earth,
Lover ! raving fruitlessly,
What is fancy—passion worth ?
Nought can save ye ; ye shall die.

Hero ! blood is on thy wreath,
'Neath thy shield mortality,
Poison in fame's very breath,
Conqueror ! *thou too must die.*

Peaceful swain !—but *Worth's* career,
Hath seraphs set, eternally,
Whisp'ring gently in *thine* ear—
“ *Joy to live, nor dread to die !*”

Who 'neath sorrow humbly brave,
Hoping nothing selfishly,
From their toils but well may crave,
To rest—to rise ! *THEY cannot die.*

WORTHING PAPER.

TO ———.

“ WHY do I love? what can I find
To fix my heart's long dream on thee?”
Thou say'st “birth, learning, manner, mind,
Alone should merit thought from me.”
There 's nothing then that thou know'st, worth
(That humble question being part—)
All the famed, soulless wit on earth,
In genial, pure, inspired heart?
My being doth expand and warm
To all who blameless days have run;
Thou teachest me to find a charm,
In every thing heaven looks upon.
No flower can vegetate in vain,
To me the trees, though voiceless, speak,
I commune with the eternal main,
Nor wit, nor flattery *there* I seek.
These are permitted claims, on all,
Which reason's self did ne'er reprove;
And thine the only lips to call
It wonder, that thee too I love.
For, by thy side, my breast is light
With undesiring flames intense;
The sense of life within thy sight
Is rapture, lapp'd in innocence!

I love thee as a faultless part
Of Nature which we both adore,
For thy free contrast to all art,
Thy sweet relief from worldly lore ;
I love thee for no thoughts of thine,
But for the images of peace.
Thine eye, unconscious, lends to mine,
In varied, gradual increase ;
I love thee as the air, the light,
The wild bird's song, the glow of June,
The rose's breath, the snow wreath's white,
The ripen'd fruits, the risen moon ;
The bright hued insect's rapid wing,
The towering rock, the streamlet's swell,
As fair creation's fairest thing—
For *thou* art not insensible !
If I was born with sight beyond
Birth, rank, or fortune, still to rove ;
Deep as thy feelings, true and fond,
Still wilt thou ask me *why* I love ?
It is then, since the purest, best,
Cannot his own perfections see,
Because, to love *thus* makes me blest—
And keeps me not unworthy thee !

NOTE.

IN August 1824, a Newspaper was started at Worthing, called the West Sussex Advertiser. The Editor, wishing to give it a literary tone, engaged me on *promising* terms. Besides the trifles I here collect, I contributed *other matters*, and derived much amusement from my brief authority and *critical incognita*. The Paper flourished, under illustrious patronage ; but in a few weeks, disastrous circumstances, unconnected with this undertaking, obliged the Editor to leave Worthing, and I derived no farther advantage from my labours, than the diversion they had afforded me.

SOOTHING SIMILES.

“ A strange passion for a Lover.”

“ Che dice mal d’ Amore ?”

It is a comical calamity for any “ single gentleman, who loves his ease,” to be put out of his way, by being surprised into *a fit of the heart* for once in his life. Mr. Fad was such an orderly, business-like-man, that I almost thought him an old bachelor ! He had no sentiment, no romance about him ; the enthusiasm of others never infected him, he did not rail against it ; “ wit and humour were more to his taste,” he would say, “ he was too matter-of-fact to attempt the sublime ; if he had natural affection enough to prove himself a good friend and relation, it was all he wanted”—and he had it.

Yet Mr. Fad was no saint ; he had passed his youth in a vain dissipated way enough. A libertine, with no taste for intrigue ; erring, but never misleading others. In general society, “ quite a lady’s man,” though neither conquered nor conquering ; he flattered, dressed, ate and slept, in a manner exemplary unto all gentlemen of his age.

Poor Mr. Fad loved London and company ; he had never been tried by a spring in the country ; he was unprepared for “ Solitude.” Would that *his* had been *solitude* indeed ! I need not here say how Mr.

Fad lost his way into such a situation, nor who was the one object who rendered it fatal to his repose. The whole man changed, but not with a good grace. He fell in love he knew not why, when, or how ; he was caught against his will, and struggled very awkwardly to get free from the trammels of one who strove not to take nor to retain him. But the more she tried to help him back to liberty, the more her meshes became tangled about the hitherto *self-possessed heart* of poor Mr. Fad. Had he lain still in the net, he would have felt neither its tightness nor its weight, but he could not for the life of him but fret and fidget about, ashamed of his position, angry with himself for being *natural at last*, and disgusted with all the novel sensations, which are the only superiorities of *first love* over the *parfaite amour* of mature taste ! But I am anticipating—poor Mr. Fad knew nothing of the passion, even “by books and swains ;” for he never read poetry ; skipped the courtship scenes in all novels ; and if obliged to listen—but what lover would have chosen *such a* confidant ? I remember hearing Mr. Fad say, “The Rivals is a pleasant Comedy for warm weather, because as soon as Faulkland and Julia come forward, I know that I may go out and get a little refreshment.” Thus inexperienced poor Mr. Fad might have sung,

“ O dear what can the matter be ?”

till this hour, if a friend had not been at hand to in-

struct him to open his eyes to his own case, and explain his feelings to him. "I don't know what ails me," cried Mr. Fad, "but I can neither dine nor rest. I feel too idle even to dress and walk; my face flushes, yet I shiver. Is the ague prevalent here?—then my breath comes only in sighs. I grow quite nervous; 'tis either an incipient liver complaint, or an inflammation of the heart. I hope it may not end in a brain fever, for I am by turns so excited, and so despondent—the society of the only tolerable man here, beside myself, makes me feel quite bilious—it may be jaundice:—then I have as many fancies as a hypochondriac. I dream, and yet I scarcely sleep. I cannot read. I cannot cast accounts, for the absurd fancy that I see Miss A—— looking in at the window, and hear her voice, her laugh, deriding me." "To be sure you do," said his friend: "I have seen for some time, by your gazing so on her, whenever she does not look your way, and casting down your eyes so hastily, if they meet hers"—"You have seen this, Sir? and what of it? what do you mean?" "That you are—in love!"

Poor Mr. Fad! Had any body told him that he was poisoned, he could not have been more dismayed. "I? Impossible! What can I do? where shall I go?" "Go to the lady, and tell her the fact." "I make love! I don't know how to do it. Besides, I don't love her; how should I? knowing nothing of her mind, her disposition, character, history, inclinations! I *fear* her; but *I do not love her.*" "I did

not say you did ; but *you are in love with her* for all that." "Is it not the same thing? You talk nonsense." "Yes, to the uninitiated it may sound so. You are sensible of her beauty, that's enough." "Beauty!" cried poor Mr. Fad, "I tell you that's *not* enough; it is no merit of hers. What's beauty to me? I never was one of those fools who could not scold a pretty servant. *Face* goes for nothing with me." "But then her figure." "How can you torment me thus? If she were an angel, with no more money than she has, 'twould be madness my giving up my old habits; besides, she would not have me. I don't want to encumber myself with a wife and family. I am unfit for a husband. Matrimony! 'Psha! I shall never marry." "You mean no harm I trust." "Harm! to her? I would die first! Will absence cure me?" "The worst thing you can try." "Shall I see her every day? perhaps I may get accustomed to her, and not mind it." "No, that will never do." "Hang it, Sir, then what *will* do? I come to you for advice and consolation, and you only add to my perplexity and uneasiness."

"Seriously, then, I counsel you to turn your love to good account. It has opened a new world for you—read the great authors who can teach you *how* to love; it will soothe you to find your own sensations expressed, and her beauty described." "Beauty again! I repeat that I scorn it. Handsome people can't help being disagreeable in some way or other. They are so con-

scious and so flattered, that they attain a language of their own; they look down from their accidental pedestal—I never saw even a lovely statue that had not an air of self-conceit. Depend on it, every grace is the parent of some graceless impertinence. The fair creatures can't treat you fairly—regular features and irregular habits go together. They fancy they have such rights, such immunities, and impunities, that 'tis our duty to thank their faults, and bless the miseries they inflict upon us. What is the admiration of *one* man to her who commands the idolatry of hundreds? They cannot value rational attachment; they will not obey, nor be advised. How must one scorn oneself for caring about a girl, whose actions imply, as the reason why one's honest suit failed with her,—Go, Sir, you loved too well, but you did not *praise* half enough."

"Bravo, Fad!" cried his friend, "You never spoke half so well; but d'ye think ugliness a virtue—that you thus decry poor beauty?" "I do. I *have* known ugly women who were very *pretty* behaved! ordinary girls of extraordinary worth; plain ones who practised plain-dealing; good, without being good-looking; amiable because they were not *aimable*; homely females, who cared not for gadding abroad;—yes, into wrinkles Hope might fly for refuge. On a mole I might build some confidence; a one-eyed mistress might see but half my faults; a damsel with butter teeth would not laugh in my face to show them; a humpy-dumpy would not be tempted to turn her back

upon a friend ; a stutterer, perhaps, might forbear talking. Even a wooden leg would be some sort of *appui* for me to lean on ; a beard would form a downy pillow to my anxieties ; a broken nose were my tower of strength ; bunions, claret-marks, and corpulency, my ‘corn, wine, and oil !’ The very looking-glass of such a girl would plead my cause with her ; but *this* wretch’s ‘exterior’ is so horribly perfect, so incorrigibly spotless, so faultless to a fault—that I will study how to rail away my malady. Call again.”

In less than a month the friend paid another visit to poor Mr. Fad. He found him much thinned and very pale. On his table lay the works of Byron, Rousseau, and other amatory writers. A Cupid, from Titian, sent for from London, hung over the fire-place, yet poor Mr. Fad still grumbled. “Ma’amselle,” he said, “pursued her course like a destroying angel, flirting with every body, caring for nobody, and least of all for himself.” “But,” said his friend, “have not the poets and painters yet reconciled you to the little god?” “Little devil ! Poets ? Painters ? cheats and fools !—a pretty child with bow and arrows ? A giant, with a poisoned scythe !—A blind boy, hiding his curls under a rose ? Argus, with snakes for hair ! He must have wings too—so has the Vampyre bat. And rosy fetters—chains of iron, nightshade, and nettles—Hang their roses ! Doves ?—Cormorants. A torch ?—A volcano. A lyre ?—a brazen trumpet of defiance. Whirlwinds for sighs. The Deluge for tears. Love’s gentle blush ?—put a

gridiron over it, and broil an ox whole ! Love is your neighbour's dog, which from silly kindness you have allowed to live on your orts, till—but no ! a dog is too sagacious, too faithful. Love is a stray monkey, a mischievous ape broke loose and unmanageable ; not to be expelled. Pestering at all times, but most abominable at the least fitting seasons. Are you inclined to tolerate the bore ? he turns sulky, and won't show off a single trick ; but attempt to fly him, he grows vicious, pursues, and fixes his teeth in you. Are you particularly occupied, or about to be so ? you will be sure to find your torment at your elbow, ready to upset your ink and to overturn your books ; but if you happen to be really *ill* or *in distress*, then he is in high luck—he scares you with a thousand malicious pranks, and walks off with whatever valuables he can lay his paws on ! Love ! a cruel creditor, who must be paid, and cannot be shut out ; who exposes your necessities to your servants, and threatens you with prison, till your own house becomes less tolerable than were a jail, where this demon could no longer haunt you. There is too much right, too great a show of justice even in this. Love ! a sturdy beggar, who waylays you when you are almost pennyless, extorts your last farthing by force, will neither earn it nor thank you for it, but tells you, '*He must live.*' Love ! a cowardly assassin, who trips up your heels in the dark, and stabs you when you are down. Love ! a dreaded adviser, to whose influence and opinion you refer your every wish, and who

proves Mephistophiles, in the disguise of Mrs. Grundy. Love! sure to come uninvited and unwelcome, whenever you are particularly unprepared for his intrusion, a regular Paul Pry; no, no, Zamiel—The Bottle-Imp—‘*Death, and the Lady!*’ A costly, tempting dish, which is certain to disagree with one. Or wine, *bad* wine, which nevertheless nobody drinks with moderation. Unfashionable trash, yet indulged in by all ranks and ages. Poison, that fills the world with madness and idiotcy. We pick our own pockets to purchase rage, sullenness, helplessness, head-aches, heart-sickness, which nobody pities but in themselves. Love! the most lamentable of laughing-stocks; more fatal than the plague; it slays soul and body! *Now*—it is not going to bed to sleep, but being nightly tossed in a blanket. Love! a blue fly in my dish, a mad bull in my walks, a spoiler of dinners, a hindrance to exercise; the most expensive hobby of diseased imagination. A lottery—gambling in which there is no way to win, and a million ways to lose. Love! the melancholy diversion of chasing a Will-o’-the-Whisp, which leads you on, till you tumble into an open grave, and there leaves you in darkness. Love is an interruption to all business—’tis vice and idleness of the most joyless kind—a worse horse than even Genius; ’tis the juggling of a dull charlatan, whose illusions we never detect till they have made fools of us, and then we wonder how we could have been cheated by such shallow art. Love! a dead take-in—a perpetual dis-

appointment, a bottle of smoke, a long passage leading to nothing, a romance with the catastrophe torn out, an April-day hoax. Love ! a garb, not only unbecoming, but uncomfortable, easily put on, but not to be put off at pleasure ; it pinches, galls, and sticks to you ; is here too tight, there too loose ; too hot over your heart, too cold everywhere else ; always wanting repair, losing its gloss with the first day's wear."

"And yet," interrupted Fad's friend, "when it wears out, you will be sure, having worn *one* such, to get yourself another ; hating the first, you may endeavour to vary the pattern, but you will only change the quality of your sufferings to increase their quantity."

"No, no," replied poor Fad, "If I can once get out of *this* scrape, catch me falling in love again, that's all ! No other woman can ever endanger my repose, now that I am once on my guard. It is disgraceful that a man of sense, with a will of his own, should be the victim of a foe so insignificant. But having told the son of Venus my mind, I now defy him, he cannot trap me again."

"Most eloquent Fad, be not too sure of that," said his friend. "You have not forgotten to enumerate among the little gentleman's accomplishments, that he can change shapes, like Proteus. Then hope not that *you* will know his voice and features again, when he acts as master of the ceremonies to *another* lady. Your heart will feel a perfectly distinct set of emotions from those you yet have known. You will cry,

‘ Thank Heaven I am out of love. This is friendship, this is peace ! how proud I ought to be of my present security, the result of experience ; this is philosophy !’ And *then* I shall call you in love indeed, when I see you superstitiously devoted to your faith in the merits of your beloved. When you can no longer ingeniously rave or selfishly rebel ; when you desire her favour more, and think that you deserve it less. When you are ready to sacrifice either hope or liberty to your affection, then I shall say—not ‘ *poor Fad !*’ For, to be *so* in love, is to be rich indeed. Then, emulating the virtues with which we invest the dear one, we are inspired with courage and patience, with pleasant thoughts and charitable feelings. The sentiment which seems essential to existence, embellishes every thing we see and hear ; such a love, whether mutual or fruitless is’——

Well, but never mind what Mr. Fad’s friend said ; what became of poor Fad and the lady ? Why, reader, she was punished for her faults and her beauty, and he was cured of his love and his comparisons. The correction and reformation of both began on the first of last month—that was *their Wedding Day*.

ON FINDING THAT I HAD BEEN BORN
TOO LATE.

I WOKE not till eve, of the loveliest day,
Nor saw its bright sun, till he set in the sea ;
Yet those who from dawning had bask'd in his ray,
Confest it was never more rich than for me.
I came, when the pageant was just at its close,
Which so long had been shedding delight o'er a host ;
My brief, hurried glance, yet one solace bestows,
I enjoy'd all Fate granted, I valued it most.
First, purest, and noblest! what words dare I use
To speak human regrets, for what's sacred to me?
What images, e'en if inspired, could I choose
To tell my devotion to thine and to thee?
On how many, less zealous than I to admire,
Was wasted the genius, the grace of your *prime!*
Why was I not born, 'ere ye died, to expire?
Why teach me, in vain, that I *lived not in time?*
Giant Spirits! who deign'd here to lavish your might,
If the pride of your parting alone I behold,
Last Angels of life, if I mark but your flight,
'Tis then your best plumes ye most broadly unfold.
And the heaven ye are seeking, to meet and adorn,
While earth still discerns ye, descends o'er your hues,
Till I feel like some wondering worshipper, born
In the last year of miracles, hail'd by adieus.

I see not a trace of what ages are past,

Were the future unheeded, the present were bliss—
Could a Northern Spring flow'ret deserve to be cast

E'en in Winter's career, o'er a climate like *this* !

No, wake not my spirit to hope or to love,

No spell to console can exist in thy breath—

Sad Truth all my visions awaits to reprove,

I gaze upon Beauty, to think but on death !

If Time must, at last, such a temple destroy,

Why still let it dazzle the lingerer's eye,

Till to Earth's freshest bowers of safety and joy

Our hearts thus prefer, 'mid those ruins to die ?

But Faith, not cold Fancy, bids Nature's tears cease,

To die—like the virtuous, calm and forgiven,

For life—for Eternity—Vision of Peace !

I gaze on Immortals, and think but of Heaven !

LONDON, SPRING 1823.

ADMIRATION.

'Tis sweet to love as I love thee,
Just thus, and thus alone ;
Without a wish—a shame—to be
In mind—in soul thine own !
How gratefully do I revere,
How tenderly admire !
Yet while to every sense thou'rt dear
How gayly calm this fire !
I rave, uncheck'd by Envy's care,
E'en watchful Love must see
That what were partial praise elsewhere
Scarce speaks the truth of thee.
I would not have thy lightest thought
Regret my fancy's thrall ;
For how cans't thou to me be nought
Whom Taste has made my all ?
Like some transcendent dream thou art,
When but in memory seen,
Yet ever present, to a heart
Too blest that such hath been !
What can it be I feel for thee ?
Ah ! surely Cupid's dart
Shot through my *brain* its witchery—
And tranquil left my *heart* !

BIRMINGHAM, AUGUST 1823.

IMITATED FROM LORD BYRON.

I SAW thee frown, that brow so stern
 Writhed o'er thy glance's glow,
And yet, methought, I could discern
 Smiles on the lip below ;
I saw thee smile, the dimpling flash
 That stirr'd thy lip of love
It only lit the tearful lash
 Which veil'd the orbs above !

Thou canst not anger, canst not grieve,
 As common mortals do,
Thy frowns within our bosoms leave
 Deep awe, but rapture too ;
Such smiles thy classic features wear,
 Such dewes thy star-eyes light,
In vain thou bidd'st our hearts despair,
 Thus pamper'd through our sight !

BATH, MAY 1824.

CONFESSION.

It was not when I saw thee first
 That most I was amazed,
 Tho' on my sight a wonder burst,
 All woman as I was, I curst
 Thy beauty as I gazed,
 And long a jealous envy nurst
 Of image ne'er to be erased !

And next I thought thee so above
 All human sympathy,
 A God—a Hero—Mars nor Jove
 More fiercely grand ; Apollo—Love—
 Less boyish, soft and free ;
 In vain my glance was forced to rove,
 Darkness, too soon, held nought but thee.

Oh the romance of that bright face,
 The living poesie !
 The classic air, the picturesque grace,
 Which flits too fast for words to trace
 Yet clings to memory,
 Making earth's noblest ones look base
 And worthless, save to wait on thee.

There's nothing like thee upon earth,
Thou shin'st a part—alone—
'Till thou art seen what is sight worth?
And, having seen thee, there's a dearth
Of heart, till then unknown,
That moment is a second birth,
Our eyes, our hearts, no more our own!

Then must we meet thee every day,
Or languish, dream, and sigh,—
Sense cannot weary of the ray
That *now* abstracted shrinks away
In that blue freezing eye—
Now beaming all the mental sway
Of cordial, modest majesty!

Oh what a lover! if pure youth
And tearful tenderness,
If deep humility can soothe,
If a too meaning smile, all truth
And arch voluptuousness,
If tones so pettish, yet so smooth,
Explain the word *resistlessness*!

Oh what a *friend*! if power to aid
By wisdom, strength, and heart,
If wit to cheer, and will to wade
Through danger, e'en for meed delay'd,
And ne'er from faith depart,—
All chivalry hath sacred made
To our permitted zeal thou art!

What art thou *not*? contrasted spells
To make thee peerless blend,
The pride through each rich vein that swells,
Or calmly, on that white brow dwells,
How graciously 'twill bend,
With what delicious ease it tells
Its thanks, e'en to thy lowliest friend !

BATH, 1824.

TO VICTOR.

I ASKED of thee ; it was from one
Thy smile hath raised to fame ;
Thou for *such* lips too much had'st done
In teaching them thy name.

Yet could he pityingly confide,
Thy reign must soon be o'er ;
Fresh from that presence dared deride—
I'll question him no more.

Too oft he meets thee in the hour
Of languor, and of gloom ;
Forgetful how that form can tower
In bravery of bloom.

And shall the dwarfs of dust betray
With envying maxims dull,
Thy power's decline, and *live* to say,
“ This *was* the beautiful ? ”

Fading ? No, not that gorgeous form,
Of pure and deathless joy ;
Must years o'ercloud a glance so warm ?
A smile so fair destroy ?

Quench'd but with life shall be its fire,
Thou loveliest, and last ;
Whose blended graces yet conspire
To tell us of the *past*.

Thou *too* shalt mock Time's petty rage,
Or, by attractions new,
Peculiar to each coming age,
Endear it to our view.

We've watched thee long, yet none perceive
Thy first fresh ardours fly,
Still round the oak the rose wreaths weave,
Beneath a noontide sky.

Who will remain, when thou must part
Nature's full power to beam ?
And shew reality to Art
Beyond e'en fancy's dream ?

Flattery to those who ne'er behold
Will seem all traced or said,
Which *we* shall feel unjust and cold
As silence or as shade.

Who can confess mere mortal charms,
That godlike air beside ?
When love thy pensive brow disarms,
Or wit dethrones thy pride ?

Though classic climes, heroic years,
Thy noble features claim,
In every heavenly tint appears
Our native England's fame !

Such mental beauty would enchant
From weak or homely shrine,
Such "eloquent blood" would veil the want
Of impulse more divine.

And dared thy favourite's answer be
"Your idol's cold and dim?"
Pupil or slave unworthy thee,
But all are not like him.

There *is* an exiled one, whose speech
Would paint thee, as thou art,
Whom no injustice could unteach
The friend's, the admirer's part.

Who cherishes, of days long gone,
The proud, the grateful dream,
For their renewal hoping on,
As for Day's deathless beam.

If startled, through awaking tears
A colder truth to bear,
He 'd say, "Heaven grant him length of years,
And may we live to share !

- “ No rising star can mate him now,
Ye do not know him yet,
New hearts beneath his *wane* shall bow,
Nor guess one ray is set.
- “ Sigh not, fond maids ! your Grecian youth
May change, but must be great,
His fire of soul, his bosom’s truth
Shall purer power create.
- “ Taste, learning, hospitable care,
His closing day shall deck,
And make a Jove, with silv’ry hair,
Of our Apollo’s wreck.
- “ His stainless banner peaceful furl’d,
His bays with myrtle blend,
That tho’ the *Lover’s* lost the world,
The *good* may know their *friend* ! ”

CHEL TENHAM, 1825.

SONNET TO MY GUIDING STAR.

BEAUTIFUL Star! that shrined in brightest blue
Sheenest upon my gaze, till I could dream
That sparkling smiles and trembling tears I view,
And draw love omens from thy varying beam.
I speak to thee, as if thou could'st reply,
As if on me alone thou did'st look down,
I bless and thank the softness of an eye
Which hath no power on any prayer to frown.
Ah! heavenly light! thou dost but seem to change
When I am dazzled by thy constant flame,
So far on high if such weak glances range
The mists deceive them, thou art still the same,
Unconscious of my hopes, in deathless calm,
Moving in melody, through ether's balm!

[Composed my first night at sea, Oct. 1825. It has earned me
a copy of the Gem. For my Annuals I may indeed *thank my
stars!*]

HYMN TO ST. HILDA.

YOUNG Witch ! that by the rude beach sits,
Or, o'er the cliff by moonlight flits,
 Woman, Saint, or Fate !
Fair enchantress ! spell-bound here,
By thy wild rhymes, and name of fear,
 Behold thy votaries' state,
 Hilda !

Queen of many a destiny !
Woven for eternity,
 Weird thing, of magic voice !
Fascinated by thine eye,
The only lamp that gems our sky,
 Oh, bless our venturous choice,
 Hilda !

Toss'd on a chill and stranger sea,
Without one hope, save Heaven and thee,
 Dread Virgin of the Isle !
By wand'rings lost, by storms delay'd,
We own thy power, invoke thine aid,
 And die without thy smile,
 Hilda !

Lady ! benighted though we roam
Far from our peaceful Western home,
 In exiled toil to mourn,
'Twere sweeter, sure, young life to save,
Than but to shriek above the grave
 Of hopes, thy hand had torn,
 Hilda !

Sing, Sprite ! and calm the angry main,
Wave thy bright locks, and light again
 Our path, where'er it lead ;
Then, Charmer, whom we *must* obey,
We'll worship, on our rescued way,
 And bless thee, for its speed,
 Hilda !

[These lines were written for an unpublished Novel, many years before I sailed by Hilda's Isle, in a night of storms.]

DRAMATIC SPECIMEN.

[From the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, Dec. 14, 1825.]

I WAS fortunate enough to be present at a young, talented author's reading of a new tragedy. The story is Roman. Ironicus, from whom, of course, it is named, does, says, and is every thing. Other characters are talked of, that do not appear, and few among the rest are of any importance. There are many scenes of tumult and violence, but too long to extract. I transcribe "a bit of quiet business," as boldly original, as exciting and sublime. The whole scene is quite refreshing. It is where Ironicus has rescued Delirius from prison, in order to avenge on the tyrant the murder of Agonistus, his father. By this specimen it will be seen *what* dramatist our poet has chosen as his model; and to *what* actor he looks for a natural portraiture of his hero. To the reader who bears in mind the voice, countenance, gestures, and manner of the genius for whom it is written, a perfect feast will be afforded, in the following morceau!—

SCENE III.—*Country near Rome.* IRONICUS, *pale and meagrely attired, descends the hill slowly, wrapped in his toga, and in gloomy meditation.* DELIRIUS *enters, following him.*

Del. Where am I?

Iron. Look.

Del. Don't *fly* me, my Ironicus*.

Iron. Well, well! I was not going to—(*Reassuringly.*)

Del. Am I free?

Iron. So—it—*seems.* (*Sneers.*)

Del. Somebody—who? aye, aye! some one
Has worked hard for me. Was't Ironicus?

Iron. Who else?

Del. Rome! father! thou art now my parent†,
My manhood's sire, in giving me a life
Far dearer than mere breath. Oh, liberty!

Rome and Ironicus are one. Who else

Can be sage, hero, patriot, every thing?

Alone, unlike, above all other men?

Looking the demi-god, and smiling comfort

Into all hearts. How much I am obliged to you!

Iron. (*Frowning, but shaking hands with DELIRIUS,
and still speaking in a low deliberate manner.*)

Tut, tut! go to—let's have—no more of this;

But, fall to business. Will you?

Del. Will I not?

* Romans, as we have been shewn them of late, *fly very slowly*; never losing the dignity of their carriage, to keep pace with the author's stage directions. To them a *rush* and a *stalk* is the same thing.

† I was in doubt whether I ought not to omit this speech, as giving too much weight to Delirius; but I was told that "he might be trusted with the eight lines, as they were all in praise of the hero, who would have *looked* the description, so perfectly!" I picque myself on the easy familiarity of the style.

Iron. Well, don't I *know* you will? But mind, Delirius,

I'd rather—I had rather a great deal

Save—a good many men, than hear one—*Thank ye!*

Del. Of course you would; but you don't know at all,

How very sweet is liberty to me.

Just now, particularly, you can't think—

I love!

Iron. (*Rapidly.*) What 's that to *me*? as if *I* cared—I mind no more than does—a—little child, Whether you love or *no*; save that I'd rather You did *not*.

Del. Horror! Are you not my friend?

Iron. Are *you not*—talking nonsense? you're a fool! Be quiet; do as I bid you, Sir, or else Do nothing. Love, indeed!

(*Stamps, and walks hastily from him, during a long silence, broken only by the agitated breathings of*
IRONICUS.)

Del. Ironicus!

Iron. (*Coming suddenly up close to him, and seizing his arm.*)

I want a HATER—*Was your father murdered**, Or *was he not*?

Del. Why, to be sure he was.

* “*I want a HATER,*” was worth nine rounds of applause.

Iron. Well, very well then ; you can tell me so
In the same breath that says—" *I am in love.*"

(*Imitating him.*)

Pshaw ! for shame, man ! He was *my* friend, Delirius—
You know *that*, don't you ? sure *you* should remember—
At any rate *I* can't forget, if *you* do. (*Tenderly.*)

My *worthy* friend ; only my *friend*, not father—
Were *I* HIS SON—had you my heart—you 'd do
Something more to the purpose. But—you—weep !
I'm glad I've made you weep—I like *those* tears*,
Delirius. Come, I am not—angry, boy ;
I was just thinking—Oh ! I cannot speak it.

(*Throws himself upon DELIRIUS'S neck, and bursts
into tears. A pause.*)

Come, come ; enough, child. (*Resuming familiarity.*)
Come along with me.

Del. Tho' twere to death, I'd follow thee.

Iron. Well said !

That's right ; yet no ; let me alone—I'll send thee—
I did not think of that—

Del. I fly !

Iron. I wonder

If you guess where ; a most wise flight, without
That question—yet—yet—you may as well
Bide where you are. And say, will Stickius
Stick to us, think ye ?

* These points, *simple* as they were, must have *told* well.

Del. Certainly he must ;
He can't flinch, when he sees you.

Iron. Hold your tongue !

What is he at ? no matter. He was after
No good here lately ; never mind ! I won't
Have any thing to do with him, d'ye hear ?

Del. Do ! you had better——

Iron. Have I not said No ? *

Del. Do as you like about it.

Iron. These are times——

Oh, never were such times ! (*With solemnity.*)

Del. You may say that.

Gods help us ! nor will ever be again.

Iron. 'Tis no such thing ; worse are a-coming.—Stay—
To-night—the tyrant falls.—If I can only—
If—if—I can but get—thy right and mine—
I know a thing or two may serve our turn !
If I can get—the dagger which he used.—

Del. For what ?

Iron. (*Calmly.*) To kill thy father with.

Del. Oh, monstrous !

Iron. Look, look ! I see him bleeding, there, before me—
Hark ! hush ! I hear his death-cry. Ah, I come,
I come, my Agonistus. See ! he dies—
I've paid him for thee. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

(*Laughs convulsively, and falls into the arms of DELIRIUS. A long pause. IRONICUS, recovering very slowly.*)

What were we talking of ?—Oh !—now I know.

* "A hit, a very palpable hit !"

Fie to forget it—I would be—the dagger !

Alone, boy. Leave me ! go ! *

Del. I wish you well.

Iron. Wish I may get it ; and *all* SHALL be well !

(*He rushes out.* DELIRIUS, *after a gaze of admiration, goes off the other way.*)

I left the cast of the play to its Atlas. No doubt he would have found some Delirius, accustomed to be taught, sneered at, patronized, and wept upon. Some one, perhaps, who (by reminding us of what Romans *used to be*) would have forced us to bless the improvement of public taste ! Several gentlemen would have doubtless *volunteered* for the part of the Tyrant, on whom Ironicus was nightly to avenge the death of Agonistus. As for *Stickius*, I believe *he* would find many an efficient representative, among the *walking* gentlemen. The Editor, in allowing me a proof-sheet of this scene, fortunately enabled me to correct more than I had anticipated. He having introduced “ a *plaid* over the toga of Ironicus ;” which I tore off, in my respect for the classic correctness of his intended representative ; to whose talents, as well as to the genius of the author I presumed to imitate, I trust I do justice. I can truly say, that I *copied what I admired*, and jested from the mere overflowing of good will.

* The mad speech, with its sudden transitions, alike defying punctuation and pianos, would have been ghastly enough to have immortalized any author.

THE BROTHERS.

THOSE wonders—careless lips have said
Their forms no kindred tie betray'd,
 Have dared to pause for choice between
The pair, who both they thus dispraise ;
Why wish the Rose the Diamond's rays ?
 Or that such balm the gem's had been ?

Each had some charm the other shared,
Neither could need, nor should have spared
 One of the beauties all his own ;
Both peerless in peculiar power
Alike majestic did they tower,
 As bright together as alone.

The twin banks of my native stream*
Might strongly thus contrasted seem
 When first they catch the pilgrim's eyes ;
And yet, in all their varied grace,
As in each noble kinsman's face,
 Latent, but true resemblance lies.

* The Avon, between Clifton Rocks and Leigh Woods.

Those rocks severe are wild and grey,
And yet their crystal's rainbow ray
 Melts into gentler awe our dread ;
While, here and there, some lovely flower
Finds on their steep a smiling bower,
 With gleams of golden moss o'erspread.

And yon luxuriant wood-crowned hill,
With tempting berries, dancing rill,
 Gay deer, and echoed nightingale*,
Through all its tangles one tall peak
Hath boldly burst, as if to speak
 Alliance with those cliffs so pale.

As if the lofty rock, its share
Of vainer wealth, had lavish'd there
 When sever'd by the antique flood ;
Content to shine, without such aid,
Or wear what wreaths the breeze conveyed
 In thanks, from that love haunted wood.

Or—as the graceful forest thought
The young and fair its shadows sought
 But thence to view that grander scene ;
Which soar'd, all failing change above,
While summer storms despoil'd the grove,
 Or winter reft its pomp of green.

* A park well stocked with deer is sufficiently near to allow me this licence. But rabbits and squirrels "and such *small* deer" infest the woods abundantly.

Thus harmonized in soul and frame,
United by one glorious name,

Those godlike brothers did we see—
The pure, the perfect, still endear'd,
The soft, the changeful, yet revered—
As but themselves can ever be !

TWO QUESTIONS.

SAY, but what spot of earth
Angel ! so proudly blest,
May claim thy beauty's birth ?
There would thy votary rest ;
There like a pilgrim rove,
Carving thy blessed name,
Where through the hallow'd grove
Thy first steps came.
Be it "the farthest shore,"
Frozen or scorch'd, I come !
And, dying there, would love it more
Than mine own home.
Yet as thy birthplace dear must ever be,
Light of my life ! each scene once graced by thee.

Tell me but on what day
Began thy cherish'd life ?
As one that yet I may
Shrine from all care and strife ;
The very moment name,
And, if no streamlet cheers
My path, thou still may'st claim
A health in tears !

Were it through midnight's shower,
Or lightning's flame, I'd be
Abroad—alone—and in that hour
Thank Heaven for thee !

Yet every day thy birthday seems, to one
Who will "lose count," when thy dear days are done.

EAGLE EYES.

YES, restless rovers, never tiring,
Whose charms and power alike surprise,
Above your highest prey aspiring,
Well may we call ye *Eagle Eyes* !
The imperial bird, his plumes displaying,
Is conscious *when* they glow most bright
To wondering crowds beneath surveying
His daring and his dazzling flight ;
It is not to be warm'd he towers,
It is not even for his prey,
It is but his own graceful powers
To sun in the full blaze of day.

Unlike the tiny skylark, winging
At earliest dawn the vault of blue,
On charmless pinion, soaring—singing—
As pleased to 'scape from mortal view ;
All careless who may gaze or listen,
She pours her hymn, nor dreams its worth,
While purest dews around her glisten,
She chants to Heaven, and not for earth ;
Nor more my glances, thine pursuing,
Heed what the herd may say they mean ;
So are my lays, thy glory wooing,
Most fond while thus I sing unseen !

[This piece and the preceding were lost by the Editor of an Annual.]

AN INVITATION TO PERTH. *

COME hither ! hither follow me !
These varied scenes are worthy thee,
 Their charm is like thine own ;
Grand, wild, yet placid, pure and gay,
Oh come ! and let us rove all day
 Through fair Glen Phaerg alone.

Such haunts as these, for us, possess
An echo of strange tenderness,
 And deep, dim dreams inspire ;
Wood crested mountains gem the way,
Contrasted by the rocky brae,
 And—" the heather is on fire."

Blue dancing waters chase the gloom,
The bees hum 'mid the honied broom,
 The birds sing, all things smile,
Save that famed, narrow, dark abode,
By royal Beauty's penance trod,
 Loch Leven's prison'd Isle.

* As the person invited must have taken the road from Edinburgh, I pointed out spots of interest by the way, not confining myself to those in Perthshire.

Save that St. Johnstoun's very name
For purer grief a sigh may claim,
 As we view the Carse of Gowrie ;
Yet come ! such tears befit thine eyes
As fall for beauty's poisoning price,
 And love, youth's fatal dowry.

The softest moss, the stateliest tree,
For rest or shade I'll find for thee,
 And cull thee berries sweet ;
We'll watch the ripening corn-fields wave,
Or the stream's host their armour lave
 In crystal, at our feet.

The pastured flocks, like flakes of snow,
Shall wanton o'er the downs below,
 Amid the generous kine ;
The distant chimes shall soothe thine ear,
The swell of infant voices near,
 Seem seraph sounds divine.

The peasant girls, like queens of yore,
Who to the spring their beakers bore,
 Or bathed, or bleach'd the veil—
Which seldom shaded fairer limbs
Than these young mountaineers', whose hymns
 Float on the fitful gale.

On either Inch as health we breathe,
Kinnoul above, Kinfauns beneath,
 Tempt eyes and steps along;
The Grampians, and Dunsinnan' near,
Afford me themes thou mak'st more dear
 Than e'en the poet's song.

Come to the mountains ! come to me !
Thy kindred wait to welcome thee,
 Where happier couldst thou stray ?
Come, while the summer's pride is still
Enthroned, on forest, lake, and hill,
 Come to the banks of Tay !

The palace turrets, o'er the tide
A royal bower for thee provide,
 There be thy smile my boon !
Come, where thy name were welcome ever,
And mirror'd by this fairy river
 Come, and be " crown'd at Scone !"

NOURMAHAL.

THE Favourite of Selim, the wife of Shere Afgun, according to Moore and Planché, possessed neither the claims of virtuous distress, nor those of such birth as I have attached to the name. I must excuse myself for having differed from truth, by confessing that these lines, though supposed to be sung by a *lover of hers*, were written during the temporary misfortunes of an admirable person ; who (in spite of a vast superiority in *moral* beauty) has been justly called “ The Light of the Harem.”

Go, Maid of the dark eyes ! I heed thee not now,
 Tho’ sweet be thy young lip, and placid thy brow,
 Tho’ artless the black curls that over it fall—
 My heart is afar, with the lost Nourmahal !
 Fond girl ! for her sake by my coldness forgiven,
 Thy hues are of bondage, but hers were of heaven.
 By that blush, if thou lov’st me, Oh league not with
 those
 Who devotion so aimlessly pure would oppose,
 But mourn with me, Dove ! o’er the fall of our queen,
 And think, with sweet awe, what her glories have been.
 Namouna, the blameless Enchantress, on her
 Did her own deathless youth, and wild beauty confer ;
 Namouna, who now in grey solitude sighs
 That she arm’d not ’gainst tears, those so magical eyes ;

But, if Genius—if Virtue—can wean her from care,
In spite of her fate—she shall never despair !
The light of the world for my bosom is o'er,
The Harem she flies I'll revisit no more,
Its roses may wither, in exile I roam,
It pains me no longer, for she was my home.
She has fled—if for ever ? in secret and woe—
While I *live*—the slave of her insolent foe !
She moves, like a star, o'er the mountains, alone—
But my visions still crown her, my soul is her throne !
I ask'd those she saved how she suffer'd her lot,
The cold-hearted ingrates, who pity us not ;
The lingering zeal of *one* breast, now appears
Too great for her merits, her beauty, her tears ;
But—Fortune may leave her, and Love may forget,
Here—here she is regal, and revered yet !
Oh ! she should have shone ever gracious and gay,
Yet dearer she grows, as her pleasures decay ;
Why am I not near her, these griefs to beguile ?
To serve her, to shield her, to die for her smile ?
Inspire her, Namouna, the slave to recall
Who bends to no empress but bright Nourmahal !

See ! the storm—hark, I hear, o'er its wailing and rage
The voice of her kinsman, the warrior—the sage—
I see in the sky, his deep glance glimmer red,
Like steel, that reflects back the blood it hath shed ;
He comes, in his grandeur, a dark doom to trace
For those who have wrong'd the last flower of his race.

Yea, those who defy the clear might of that name
Which led them to triumphs, all spotless in fame ;
Ennobled, enriched, while it purified, all
So long held in barbarous slavery's thrall ;
The envious, whose treachery *dared* not to burst
On *his* life, shall, in death, by his spirit be curst !
“ Destruction to those who her throne shall profane !
For the light *shall* flame high in our Harem again ;
No longer in peace, never more in her woe,
But with vengeance resistless, to banish the foe—
Begirt by the hearts who now cherish their truth,
Immortal in bliss, as in beauty and youth !”

Namouna ! that prophet-like vision was sent
From thy spirit to mine, and I *will* be content ;
I need no light loves, song or smile to recall,
More cheering the memory of fair Nourmahal,
E'en exiled for ever if doom'd to adore—
Go, Maid of the dark eyes ! I heed *thee* no more.

DUBLIN, LENT 1827.

INVISIBILITY.

[Written under an assumed character.]

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.”

HONOUR and glory to the being it invests is mystery. Something better than reality is in our power, while no one, by attempting to realize, destroys the illusion. “ The mind’s (*one*) eye” sees at will, and often *against* its will too, such creatures as the body’s *pair* of eyes will never find.

It is dangerous for persons who have been long praised or expected, ever to appear. “ I made a lady of mine own,” out of a *distant* relation ; that is, a first cousin in India—from merely hearing her once described, as “ generous, accomplished, dark-eyed and tall, with the finest teeth in the world.” I filled up this outline, with elegance, gentleness, vivacity, and youthful grace. Roses, lilies, ringlets, and perfect features. I fancied the very music of her voice, the style of her attire ; was intimate with her every taste, and had a thousand times, in imagination, pressed her soft, little, shapely white hand. Of every beauty in this class who met my view, I thought—“ *She* must faintly resemble my transcendent cousin.” I forgot how few and undefined had been the touches of the original sketch.

But—She was coming to England! I should see her at last! I should know her instantly! She was *my* “Yarrow unvisited,” and I exclaimed, with the poet,

And Thou, who didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Shalt rival, in the light of day,
Her delicate creation!

She arrived, and—I merited the disappointment I met. Though she deserved what had been said of her. She was *all* that I had heard—but—no more; or rather,—but what she really is, I forbear to depict. The ideal I had created still haunts me, I admire a cousin who exists not, and, for an arrival which is past, I pine, to this hour.

My cousin, at first, wondered a little, I believe, why I alone, of all her kindred, did not greet her warmly. *I love her now*, but—as to forgiving the person who first described her to me, that, as yet, is not quite in my power. All sorts of Unknowns are to me interesting.

Altamont Mortimer de Montmorenci, the hero of “the Heroine,” tells his Cherubima, that once on his reproving “an impertinent apparition, who popped its head over his shoulder, and made faces at him, the ghost looked confused, and adopted Invisibility.” But Mr. B——, in his “Fetches” has rendered so important “the spirits who surround us, though we do

not see them," that no future phantom need think himself reducing his own respectability, by allowing his "winged eye-ball to flutter about" ours, unseen.

An Irish friend once said to me, "the only characters in the drama that I ever wished to play, are those who never come upon the stage." This *bull* is not a *mad bull*; for such there are, from which parts for representation might, as novelties, be written.

The hero of the "Grecian Daughter," for instance, Timoleon, is talked of as all that is princely, yet wise, brave, just, faithful and compassionate. When perhaps had he been brought into the scene, we should remember him only as some Mr. —, of Covent-Garden, or Drury-Lane, whom we met in modern English dress, at the Fund Dinner.—Perhaps, on the boards, a homely, yet affected pedant, or a lisping gentleman; a queer little genius, a sturdy "bow-wow" Stoic, or a whining giant, too handsome to seem tragical in earnest*.

How much does Bassanio's page gain by never being exposed to the glare of a crowded theatre! Nerissa, the *then* heart-whole Nerissa, runs to her mistress, fresh from his presence, and, wild with admiration, protests that—

A day in April never shone more sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
Than this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

We see him in the impression he has made; so much

* This was written before the *death* of Mr. C——y in America.

of gay and sensitive is in that little speech. We behold him in his picturesque, yet unpretending attire. He urges on his pampered steed, his cheek is flushed, his eye all flame ; he springs to earth, and, with many a honied, flowery phrase, confides his errand to the first, or comeliest damsel he meets. Almost a child must Nerissa think him, by the freedom of her eulogy, which Portia attributes to kindred affection. Should any one tell you that this picture was meant for Gratiano, for Poesie's sweet sake look at the man ! Is he one atom like it ?

I question whether Shakspeare did not, at first, intend this page to turn out one of his magnanimous loving girls ; but, recollecting that all his other fair Venetians were to assume the Pantaloon, (Jessica no longer does so in the acting editions,) he dropped the design, and left but these three lines, to excite the speculations of some visionary reader.

Another person we long, too late and in vain, to have known, is Henry Morland's father, in the "Heir-at-Law," the late Lord Duberly ; "the unseen good old man." "Stately, but sensitive, the scholar and the man of honour, with '*gentleman*' written legibly on his forehead." No doubt there was *room* enough for the word in its largest text. Could *he* have displaced Dan'el Dowlas, instead of his son, who has little merit beyond his filial admiration and regrets, what a fine contrast would have been the two Lords Duberly ! But the

contact must have killed the chandler ; and, what had been of far greater importance, it might have discomposed the peer. " Too soon he died ;" but we have learned enough of him to be enraged with Steadfast, for his not seeing the sad truth at a glance. He must have thought that Henry had treated his parent's character with ironical levity. Of such a father as the old slopman, such a son could but have spoken, as honest, indulgent, and entertaining ; whereas young Morland's portrait of *his* father could only have been inspired by an original who surpassed it.

The " Suspicious Husband " boasts no less than three most attractive invisibles, dead and alive, in the one pet, and the two aunts of Mr. John Meggot. The latter " so well-temper'd," that Ranger swears " they *ought not* to be *old maids*." (" To this effect " he swears, but " after what flourish *his* nature will.") They are the pensioners of their nephew ; for the house they keep is mentioned as his. They must be lady-like, for our Templar to visit them ; no doubt they talked of him as " a pretty fellow, who ought to marry and reform." They are no prudes, for they tolerate a runaway bride, in boy's clothes ; and " entertain her with honour." I can see, by Jacintha's face, how delicately they have re-assured her. " She has married a fine gentleman, and must be happy." " Well—she hopes so—but—better never be a wife at all, than meet such a husband as Mr. Strickland." " PERHAPS, my dear. Heigho ! "

Why do they not appear at the end? Once or twice I have fancied that I caught a glimpse of their well-preserved brocades; but, though ever ready and active in scenes of trial, they shun those of happy love; perchance to repeat to each other, "What pity 'twas that the one was so cruel, thirty years ago, to Mr. Frankly's father," or that "the other had, more recently, persisted in refusing Mr. Ranger's uncle." How *they* would have cherished the dear departed! The lost treasure of their eccentric young relative. "Poor Otho!" he should not have died, for he was worth a virtuoso's love. Otho was a Roman by adoption. He loved to see his friend Jack's china emulate the ruins of his classic home. Yet it was as "*a patron of our own manufactures*," that he "gnawed the Spanish leather-shoes, so filthily." In other respects he must have been a miniature Chesterfield; for, when Bellamy, by mistake, demands, "Who was the gentleman?" Meggot, gratefully adopting the appellation as just, replies, with solemnity, "The *gentleman*, Sir, was *my monkey*."

"There is more fooling yet, an' I could remember it." A few "modern instances" shall suffice.

If Miss Mitford's "Julian" be already half forgotten, as an acted tragedy, let the reader refer to it as a most purely touching dramatic poem. *There* is an invisible! Constance, the favourite lady of the nobly affectioned Amabelle; whose husband believes himself a paricide. The Princess listens to his confession; a gleam of hope breaks on her horrors. She *thinks* that

Constance said Melfi, the father, has *returned*. Constance, incapable of mistake in such a case, and of misrepresentation in any other; to her Amabelle flies, she sees—speaks with her—though absent from our sight but a minute. 'Tis on Constance that the virtuous, distracted Prince calls, in his suspense. She has the power to banish, or to confirm his despair. Amabelle, detained but for two words, rushes in. "*He lives!*" and Julian is given back to self-respect, to reason, and to life.

Descending to the comic trifles of the day, much might be said for Perceval; whose name would be vainly sought in the play-bills of "*Is He Jealous?*" Belmour, though honourable and empassioned, is a studious man, too negligent of his pretty bride; but his "friend Perceval, who knows so well how to unite philosophy with amusement," would have been resistless! And this is the beau of a gay young wife, whose husband trusts them together abroad, while he shuts himself in his study, to solve problems.

Perceval disinterestedly wishes to rouse him to a sense of his danger, yet will permit him no more formidable rival, than a lady in male disguise. *A rather intelligent person the Harriet*. Of course Perceval married her, at the year's end, did he not, Mr. Beazley?

There need but few words, about any of these actors behind the curtain, to awaken a host of pleasant ideas. But—oh, Empress of "*Pigeons and Crows!*" Great Unknown of invisible girls! who *dares* forget thee,

Jingary Rumbum Toddy? The contested one,—the purchased and promised blessing of Sir Peter Pigwiggin! An abode is provided worthy of her sable charms, and vast proportions. She arrives; who but hath panted (while Liston kept up the farce) with expectation to see her enter? Once you hear her struggling footsteps, and you feel that she is a personage of *weight*; but—ah! she comes not, speaks not. I longed to go round, and pay another shilling, but for one minute's interview; so sure was I, that I raved, with Joanna Baillie's Basil—

Within the compass of these blessed walls
Somewhere she is, altho' for me she is not!
Some other eye doth gaze upon her beauties,
Some other ear doth listen to her voice,
Some other heart doth revel in the raptures
My spiteful stars deny!

(I quote from memory.) But soon the curtain fell. Reason and reality resumed their reign, and I could only conclude my rhapsody with the tribute paid by Cowper to the respected consort of “our good old King,” which, at the moment, seemed to me as applicable to the Venus of Caffraria—

“But *she* is something more than *Queen*,
Who is beloved *where never seen*!”

THE ROYALIST MAID'S LAMENT, AFTER THE
BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

THE final field is fought, and the traitor's cause is won ;
Our day is lost for ever, and quench'd in tears our sun ;
The Puritans exult, even over the wide sea,
Our monarch is a fugitive, the base alone are free.

My loyalty is treason here, our victors o'er me stand,
And dole the dungeon morsel, from the blood-tainted
hand,
"Thy king fares even worse than thee," exultingly they
cry,
"The beggar'd, conquer'd, exiled slave, full soon in
chains to die."

Aye, Calumny comes fearless forth, and Hate the false-
hood heaps,
And Valour's best failed for the right, yet Heaven's
vengeance sleeps,
Tho' holy beadsmen prayed in vain, and learned pleaders
spoke,
Yet power is the usurper's now, and galling is the yoke.

There's many a high-bern beauty would go kneel be-
fore *his* feet,
If she could serve her own true prince, pride's sacrifice
were sweet ;

Forbear, kind maids! the conqueror regards nor charm
nor tear,

He would but spurn ye, as ye knelt, yet he is ruler
here.

Oh! my own merry England, a dismal change is this!
Whence now will come thy gallantry, thy bounty, and
thy bliss?

Thou wilt lose thy jewel, and thy hope, of every joy
the spring;

Thy bravest—kindest Gentleman, thy darling and thy
King!

The very claims which should defeat all rancour in his
foes,

Provoke the jealous envy that aggravates his woes;
And grief and hate may break the heart, so light, so
warm and free;

Woe for the dear young scions of that time-honoured
tree!

Woe for the noble, studious James! for sweet Prince
Henry's grace,

My Master's name and blood shines forth in beauty
from *his* face!

Woe for the fair Princesses! and for all the kindred,
tied

To suffer for their birth, or love, yet in that suffering
pride!

I dare not even rail, and curse the tyrants, as I groan
 Beneath their loathsome presence, who hurl'd him from
 the throne,
 They've torn the sceptre from his hand, they've snapped
 his knightly blade,
 And they *try* to tell their craven hearts, *they are not*
 still afraid.

But his thought *shall* haunt the conscience-stung, tho'
 all be lost for him,
 Tho' worldly want and deadly fear that royal eye may
 dim ;
 And does no chance—no hope remain ? is all devotion
 fled
 Save from one powerless heart, which soon will moulder
 with the dead ?

Where is the rich and trusty race, who once before
 stood forth
 To prop the almost tottering state of intellect and
 worth ?
 Come, Mountaineers ! from North to South ! Come Or-
 mond, for thy fame !
 Come, Ashley, for thy father's love of that illustrious
 name !

Come, nobles, 'tis the moment now to rally round our
 king,
 And form about that centre bright a talismanic ring !

Plead Faulkland ! add your gold, Fitzharding, Vernon,
and Buccleuch !

And try what, in a rightful cause, e'en *six* good hearts
can do !

A woman bids ye forth ; brother—lover—friends—
farewell !

If ye fall, 'twill be my solace that in *his* defence ye fell ;
If ye prove your truth, and find the power his sinking
soul to cheer,

Hands, hearts, and heads, to virtuous fame for ever ye
are dear.

Think how he has been nurtured, think what he suffers
now,

Support him in this dreadful hour, with fond chivalrous
vow ;

Oh ! think upon his gentleness, his valour, and his smiles,
And fight unto the death, for—the glory of the Isles !

Think all upon our late good king, that persecuted
saint,

Who as hero, sage, or husband, praise cannot justly
paint—

Remember how *he* loved the youth so foully now op-
prest,

And see *his* Charles restored in peace, or—with that
Martyr rest !

I hope in spite of reason, no such timely aid is near—
 For all is lying cruelty, and treacherous malice here—
 But this shall be a black page in our history for aye,
 That such demons triumph'd over him, if it were but
 for a day.

Go, crownless, since it must be so, may foreign lands
 show more
 Of gratitude, than thou hast met on thine own subject
 shore !

Yea, bear him safely o'er the sea, while the baffled
 bloodhound snarls—

Oh Britain ! for *thine own sake*, no prison for King
 Charles !

Now guess my faith, ye hireling pack, and punish while
 ye can ;

Ye should not have but *words* and *tears* to pay, were I
 a man—

Were my sword within yon butcher's heart, in mine
 ear his strangled cry—

And *my name* shrined in my Stuart's prayers—how
 happily I'd die !

[Whoever chooses to look through a file of the Age Newspaper, will find, under the title of "Protestant Lyrics," a piece which looks so like an imitation of my Lament, that I beg to say I was not its author. The similarity may be a mere coincidence. My MS. had been read but by persons who need not borrow from an inferior. It has since been politely praised by an Editor, who returned it, as "not according with the *politics* of his work."]

DUBLIN, APRIL 1827.

THE ROYALIST MAID, TO CHARLES II. IN EXILE.

THE storm is forth, the midnight hill
Echoes the thunder crash ; the gloom
Is startled at the lightning's will,
It sears the forest's summer bloom ;
What floods descend ! that gust how chill !
And he—the lord of Britain's throne,
Beset by every varied ill,
Is braving this dread hour—alone !

And must his sole society
Be Pain, and Toil, Despair and Danger ?
Tho' born to homage—luxury—
No welcome cheers the wand'ring stranger.
Alas ! that one so kind and free
Should rove benighted—exiled—lone !
While mercenary vassals flee,
And I—am powerless, far, unknown !

I cannot breathe in sheltered bower,
Cannot return my friend's caress ;
Partake who may his happier hour,
At least I'll share my king's distress ;
I give my bare brow to the shower,
Till shines the crown again on his,
And pray, in solitude, that Power
Who can restore his rightful bliss !

Yet, dare I count one future year
While lasts the present's weight of pain?
While for his life I madly fear,
Can I ask Heaven to bless his reign?
The suffering mortal is more dear
Than the gay monarch e'er could prove;
Poor Prince! forgive a woman's tear,
Whose loyalty hath grown to love.

Should pomp again thy path bestrew,
Should might and majesty invest
The presence, which I never knew
But to be more than subject blest—
E'en then, CHARLES STUART, there will be few
To worship thee, as I do now,
Crush'd by thy fall, and the more true
Thus privileged to breathe my vow.

If I should live to see return
My sovereign, in triumphant peace,
My bosom may forget to burn,
And every wish in duty cease;
Meanwhile, its patient zeal may earn
The right, to give thee every sigh—
Till then, to live of thee I'll learn,
And then, content thy slave would die!

A CAVALIER SONG.

[On the model of one in Sir Walter Scott's "Woodstock."]

BROTHER Royalists, come,
Whose first word was *that name*,
Which 'till Echo be dumb
Shall be sounded by Fame !
At the oak's highest bough
Not a traitor now snarls,
We may boldly sing now
" Here's a health to King Charles !"

The Usurper is gone
To the Puritan's sphere ;
His fierce piety won
But adherence of fear ;
Alone, and victorious,
In peace comes again
Our dear, and our glorious,
And long may he reign !

The glance of his eye
Not a foe can withstand,
Rebellion must fly
At the wave of his hand ;

Colder duty evince
All ye Stoics, who can,
I honour the Prince,
But—would *die* for the *Man*!

Ye wise, and ye grave,
To his learning submit;
Ye Cavaliers brave,
To his valour, and wit;
Fair dames! 'tis *your* lover,
Your *idol* I sing—
Drink—"Reform to the Rover—
But—health to the King!"

Through his realm, at this hour,
His subjects among,
From cottage to tower,
In silence or song,
That toast is now drinking,
The homeliest draught
Grows nectar, with thinking
For *whom* it is quaffed!

If *your* fathers to *his*
Were as loyal as *mine*,
A deep pledge be this,
"To the Flower of their line!"
And may thirst wither up
The undutiful carls,
Who would dare lift a cup
Without—"Blessings on Charles!"

TO PLEASURE.

PLEASURE ! young Nature's rightful deity,
While all pursue thee,
Let colder votaries to thy palace flee,
Where hosts may view thee ;
There may thy worshippers their glances waste,
At distance listen—
But *there* the nectarous draughts their lips would taste
Mock as they glisten.

There, richly decked as served, thou smil'st in light,
Perfume and harmony,
Diffusing wit and passion through the night,
Dazzling, not charming me !
Thy calmer gifts would the pure heart possess
Lastingly near it ;
Where, if I whispered " this is happiness "—
But *One* should hear it.

Far from the city's strife, at sunset hour,
Silently seated,
My cares might rave without that lonely bower,
Unheard, defeated !
Nor fame, nor pomp, nor worldly lore should come,
Nor feigning kisses,
Nor courtly vows, within that sylvan home,
That nest of blisses.

But one long, changeless gaze, as ne'er to cease,
Of love unspoken,
'Mid birds, and springs, and flowers, and all that peace
And truth betoken.
All that thou must not—that thou *canst* not be
With crowds before thee—
There, then, and thus, Pleasure ! thou wert to me,
Who best adore thee !

WRENBURY, CHESHIRE, JULY 1827.

HENRI AND FLEURETTE.

THEY shout "Navarre and Victory !
Saints bless our conquering King !
Long live the good and great Henri !"
The honest bigots sing.
But, 'neath these trees, or by this stream,
Well may *he* turn aside,
And yield him to the saddest dream
That ever mock'd at pride.
"Victory?" 'tis a cheerless word,
It tells of death and strife—
With penances, not "blessings," stored
This "long" long wasted "life."
"The King, their good and great Henri,"
A mortal sad and frail,
Who trembles 'neath this weeping tree,
Echoing the breeze's wail.
My vain regrets become remorse,
Too late I feel its claim,
While memory, with distorting force,
Turns all the past to shame.
The warrior may defy in fight,
The king, in pomp forget,
Yet *Henri here* must feel *thy* right,
Too fond, too fair Fleurette !

Lout not so low, ye grey-hair'd sires,
Ye *must* remember *one*
Who in his childless age expires —
By whom—by *whom* undone?
Lead your loved partners hence, ye youth,
And bid them ne'er aspire
Beyond your free, tho' lowly truth,
Your passion's sanctioned fire.
Tell them the weakness of the great,
The courtier's wanton wile,
Who dares survive the victim's fate
Slain by that careless smile!
Yet, cost them not so deep a sigh,
They *must* remember *Her*—
Who look'd and listen'd but to *die*—
And *who* the murderer?
There is a dim fear on my heart
Of justice for her doom,
The vision of avenging dart,
Of sudden—bloody tomb;
Tho' frowns be on a queenly brow
To check this just regret,
Thou art mine empress—here—and now—
Lovely and lost Fleurette!

I told *her* all thy fatal truth,
And plain'd mine unsought power,
E'en *she* hath wept thy blighted youth,
And shuns thy willow bower.

Aye, shun it all ! I cannot gaze
On maidhood's joyous charms ;
A tint, a tone, a ringlet's maze
Mine inmost soul alarms.
That waning star, that wither'd rose,
Still haunts, nor here alone,
It robs my pillow of repose,
And hovers o'er my throne.
While music shakes the perfumed air,
And revels cheat the night,
With jewelled hosts of flatterers fair,
Mid dance, and banquet bright,—
That gentle phantom, gliding near,
Bids all Art's splendours fly,
What smile so thrilling as her tear ?
What diamond like her eye ?
I quail 'neath that beseeching glance,
Poor Nature claims her debt,
I *am*—the Lord of lovely France—
I *was*—thy Fate, Fleurette !

NOTE.

THE *death* of a fair young creature, for the love she bore to her gallant, all-triumphant monarch, is a *fact* recorded by my betters. (Vide “L’Hérmite”—I forget which part, by Messrs. Jay and Joué—and “Knight’s Quarterly Magazine.”)

A female friend of mine once discussed “something *like* to this,” for my edification. The view she gave me of the subject was to me original. I set down the words from her lips, with no decrease of respect, while fancying them the echoes of an Oracle, from whom it were my pride to learn what, how, and how much, young women ought to love !

“All who have hitherto *thought fit to parade* this story,” said she, “seem to think only of the man’s fault, and the woman’s misfortune ; now, for my part, I’ve no pity for *her* ; she was soon *out* of the *mischief* *she* had made ; and ought to have considered herself lucky, in the honour of *his* notice, *while it lasted*. There was no harm in it, if she had not made harm of it. Doubtless *she began*, because it was the *fashion* to admire the gay and courteous sovereign ; all *that* was well enough ; but, instead of remaining proud and content, obeying, like a loyal subject, all the laws her king chose to make, *change as they might*, the *disgusting*

idiot must needs *get in earnest*, make a *display* of her *sensibility*, and bring him into trouble ! 'Tis upon *record* that, lured from his palace by her *whinings*, he was *punctual* to her *assignation* ; doubtless doing *more* harm unintentionally, by scrutinizing every female form which appeared in the distance, expecting it to prove his *Inamorata* ; and, after giving lessons in the *Graces* to the swans, while cooling himself under the trees by the water's side, for a couple of hours, he was forced to return home without his errand ; and, with (among other *comfortable* anticipations) the fear that, though her body had not appeared to him in life, her spirit intended to visit him in death. I hope it never *tried*—but, if it could not help haunting him a little, he must have been too sensible a fellow to let it *much* interfere with *his well deserved enjoyments*. Yet I can't forgive her for having the *impertinence* to die. Perhaps knocking up all his little arrangements—for a *week*. I dare say the *then* Gabrielle wished her farther ! As if a gentleman, in his situation, had not enough to torment him, without being obliged, for decency's sake, to regret a paltry (*one*) woman, so far beneath him. He, a legitimate king ; with 'right divine' over the lives of *all* his people ; a warrior descendant of a martial line, who had slain their thousands, in fair fight ! But no, she dies, and all the other fools in the world take *her* part ; none of them choosing to fancy the annoyance it might have been to the brave and handsome survivor. Girls ought to have *more* re-

spect for the men, and for each other—*more esprit de corps*, than thus to put the shy birds on their guard. They are for ever on the look out, after one of these stupid catastrophes, and give themselves airs, where they *need* not take that trouble ; so that sensible people, like you and I, suffer from the suspicions which ‘ one shabby sheep ’ has put into their heads.”

I believe *I* have done *more* justice to the gracious king, by the language I gave him in my ballad. If such illustrious souls ever look down on their poor poets, may *His* forgive me for daring thus to remind him of a buried grief, which I will do *my* best to avoid reviving, in any *other* way !

This ballad (for which I did not even get a number of the Review) was printed contrary to my wishes ; and broken up, to fill a certain space, which greatly impaired its sense ; but my notes on the subject *never could have reached the Gentleman to whom they were addressed.*

MOONSHINE.

WHY, every bardling bays the moon,
I ne'er yet fed that whim,
But now, my muse shall seek her soon,
And dream she's *going to hymn*.
Yes, flattered queen, I too must own a
Fond *Luna-cy*, for one
Who may be daughter of Latona,
But looks—more like *my sun*.
My sun, my moon, as I survey
I get so puzzled *thereby*,
I feel like Kath'rine, in the play,
And scarce know which I swear by.
She shines my lowly sphere the nearest,
And well may be most dear ;
Perhaps I only call *him* dearest,
Because he's not so near.
Oh ! “ Lady ” (Dian) “ of mine own,”
Phœbe, without the *buss*,
Methinks I hear my *HE-cat's* tone,
While wand'ring 'neath thee thus.
I've seen storms thy “ rich pallor ” dull,
Or crescent in thy hair,
Or looked *up* to thee *at thy full*,
In all thy *phases* fair !

I've seen, but at mine eyesight's risk,
E'en in the misty North,
His rising ray, and setting disk,
A sight all sights o'erworth !
And, tho' when Sol sports blue and gold,
Feathered with snow-white grace,
Or rosy clouds about him rolled,
I can't look in *his* face,
I know enough of it to feel,
Tho' thine's a darker heaven,
It ne'er the likeness can conceal
To which my vows are given.
When upon speaking terms ye lived,
Ere he on thee turned back,
He lent that light, which hath survived,
Thou follow'st still his track.
Great Jove had *twin'd* your forms above,
And, while Apollo taught thee,
Among the Muses, Graces, Love
The zone of Venus brought thee.
The god himself had learnt of *Mars*,
Of *Pallas*, and of *Juno*—
And every art with which he wars
On us below, you *too* know.
Look in thy fellow-mirror there,
Yon stream, 'twill not *resemble*
Thee more, in its reflection fair,
Than thou--*him*—save 'twill tremble.

Thou soar'st unshaken, clustering
The black clouds o'er that wonder
Thy brow, all stars out-lustering—
Now—"shall it rain, or thunder?"
There's my high noon! thou'st caught it quite!
No difference 'twixt ye lays,
Save, that thou chastely charm'st my night,
While he consumes my days.
His fire turns *night to day*, yet sears
My leaves, from Daphne's tree,
He may make rainbows of my tears,
But my love *halos* thee.
I cannot meet his eye severe,
Nor must this song confront it,
My meaning keep, e'en from thy *deer*—
Thou wilt not need to *hunt* it.
Then, Lady bright! my lay receive,
And shade its secret sweet,
Thoughts breathed to the mild ear of Eve
No echo should repeat.
Mine brave not—brook not—fiercer test
From "Phœbus—wand'ring wight"—
What hearts say in the dark, 'twere best
Never to bring to light!
Long may *my lights* shine forth serene,
And rule each hostile tide,
Still bright, as *they* have *ever* been,
As none e'er were beside!

FROM AN INDIAN ANECDOTE.

[A Native Slave, in one of our eastern colonies, named SUFFER, spoke somewhat to this effect, when dying, and offered wine by his European master.]

NAY, tempt not with forbidden wine
Thy dying slave ! who hath, till now,
Withstood, from all, that draught divine,
Nor, e'en for thee, would break the vow ;
Away ! 'tis *writ*, that ye, below
Who steal anticipated heaven,
Our Paradise can never know—
And must thou perish unforgiven ?

Shall we two part eternally,
When death removes me from thine eye ?
Where'er thou art, I ought to be—
Can wine dissolve so firm a tie ?
No ! sure that sea of joy inspires
The liberty I ne'er possess'd ;
My gracious master but desires
To make me also free and blest !

'Tis not the thirst 'neath which I waste,
'Tis not the perfume, nor the hue,
Nor all my dreams of that rich taste,
Can bid me prove if they be true !

I've been besought by love and wit,
Forbearance never cost a tear,
But now—'tis *thy* hand offers it,
And poison from that hand were dear !

Give me the wine ! each failing sense
Shall pledge thee with a convert's zeal;
Thus let me share thy sweet offence,
And blend me with thy woe or weal.
Give me the wine ! and welcome be
The doom, whose justice still I doubt—
Content in *any* world with *thee*,
Whom Paradise were dark without !

THE ILLUSTRIOUS TRAVELLER.

THIS is the season at which, it is said, that no personage of fashion would voluntarily visit London. I dispute this sweeping assertion ; I deprecate this depreciating style. A potentate, who will soon make himself fashionable with all parties, and impose his own modes upon all ranks, is now taking his annual tour through the island, to pay us “the compliments of the season” ; yet, though long, well, and universally known, how few prepare *for* or *against* him. Still is he treated with levity and contempt ; first braved and then neglected ; nor shunned in time, nor entertained in a style which might appease his exactions and expedite his departure. Still must his apparently unostentatious, “but-not-the-less-on-that-account” formidable name, be prefixed by an inconsequent “*Only!*” Beware, for swift and ample are his powers of vengeance ! But, though arbitrary enough himself, he is the least considerable member of an extensive family, one or other of whom ever reigns supreme over some region of the torrid zone, extending his dominions by occasional incursions even on more temperate climes.

They all prefer the populous city to the quiet village, and mix most freely in the irregular excesses of the great ; though they sometimes intrude on the sober re-

creations of the industrious, levying their taxes without respect for sex or age ; nor did the protracted vigils of the student ever defeat their grasping aims. Science and philanthropy have been alike their victims ; yet they patronize theology, physic, monumental sculpture, and sacred architecture ; while conflagration and bloodshed follow in their train. Polygamy is the privilege of this increasing race, who lawlessly marry with their own nearest relations. Sometimes *one* of them enjoys the greatest share of fatal popularity ; anon, others make head against his might and fame, eclipsing his achievements, by mowing down whole armies, and devastating worlds ; and yet you will see them, lolling and languishing at the gayest Spas and Bathing Places, as if nothing had happened. The same individual of this family is re-christened, about once in seven years, by some one of his most celebrated discoverers, adversaries, or dependants, and gives himself fresh airs, on succeeding to a new title.

Many persons of rank affectedly pretend to the intimacy of these expensive and dangerous connections ; but those who have really suffered the infliction of their presence are always eager to rid themselves of it, though they never forget to describe the visit minutely.

Frequently, if the younger brother (my present theme) has quartered himself on any house where he was sure to be *well taken care of*, his kindred, who certainly are never half so gently dealt withal, will drop in, with envying curiosity, perhaps to dethrone him,

and reign in his place. Each of his brethren have, in turn, made him their gentleman-usher ; one might, by comparison with them, otherwise overrate him. As a passport into certain society, the most redoubtable of them will assume his title ; so that he is censured for all their trespasses, till the actual tyrant's name and nature can be no longer mistaken. Nor is he the scape-goat of his own family solely. To him do jealous husbands attribute their headaches. The tender maid lays on him the blame of her red and swollen lids ; inviting him, indeed, by wasted nights and moonlight rambles, to render her accusation just. I consider him as an enemy, yet I will neither conceal his wrongs, nor his redeeming qualities ; but disarm his threatening mood, if possible, by impartiality. If I underrate my foe, where were my glory in his conquest or extermination ?

In fear of him, will the coquette sometimes veil her charms in the theatre or ball-room, two darling haunts of his. In the former, he obligingly shelters from the charge of "can sing, and won't sing," the jealous vocalist, who would rather be *hacked* in any way than the obnoxious one of *duty*.

He has been *caught* in church ; but, I fear, is reported to attend divine service more regularly than truth can warrant, by those who want a pretext for staying away. Like Raleigh, his wandering experience renders him an able guide to *the New World* ; like Raleigh too, he kneels on the damp earth, to kiss the

fragile slipper of beauty, and sighs through key-holes on her more confiding hours.

He bestows a cherubimic charm on sunken cheeks, and "*the purple light*" on at least one feature of the most pallid face. How often hath he deafened the ear of the eaves-dropper, racked the bones of the miser, taken the edge from the tooth of the epicure, and stolen away sound from the tongue of the termagant. Forth fares he with the ill clad beggar, lending his sighs and tears to all! So fast and far he travels, that he has been met by Parry in the Polar Seas, but a few days after we had heard of his safe arrival in St. Petersburg. Surely he must ride on the clouds, he is often reported, indeed, to be "*in the air.*"

Although the spring-tide cannot always relax the activity of this "*hero of the North,*" yet, like a true painter, as I have proved him, autumn and winter are his favourite periods of peregrination. Like the red-breast he "*comes mid frost and flood,*" through fogs and storms, "*through guards and dunnest night.*" Were he not here already (as he is, though, in some parts of the world he for awhile preserves his incognito) the wind is fair, "*and fair is foul,*" for bringing him amongst us.

Then do not meet him frigidly! look sharp, or he will make you look blue. *Catching* him is not the likeliest way of bringing him to an end; for, when he is *taken*, you will be *his* prisoner, and have quartered on you the most idle and troublesome inmate that ever pestered a sober family.

He steals to your very couch ; roars in your ears ; shakes you, as by an earthquake's shock ; or wounds your lip by his unwelcome kiss. In his presence the costliest viands are tasteless, and the Persian attar can remind your clouded sense of the sweet rose no more.

Yet are his longings most luxurious. Let the wine-wheys inspire his melting moments ; and caudle, such as youthful matrons fancy when they wake, sustain his languid hours. Bid the bees yield their aromatic stores ; the starving birds, though hoarse themselves, shall spare for him the scarlet hip, and the hart bark his horn for jellies, while careful hens lay eggs more full and fresh than usual, for his flip. Nay, for him must the globe be compassed for spices, gums, oils, limes, and conserves ; the genial ginger, and the tickling tamarind ! Let Theban poppies rain composing influences, and the Athenian squill as classically soothe his irritated nerves ! Let the cane lend its sugar and its rum ; for dear is the sanctioned inebriety, the enjoined indolence to him ; the regal bath his only exercise. "Is this a time to talk of work ?" No ! reading were Herculean labour, and the task of guiding the supererogatory *pinch* to his distended nostrils, an effort "*not to be sneezed at.*" Pile on the snowy lamb's wool, the consoling cotton, and let the saccharine cinders, in shining pan, glide hot but hurtless o'er the downy bed ! There, screened and curtained, may he lie all day ; for who would show themselves abroad with such a companion ? For *him*, indeed, "the blazing hearth shall burn," nor must

“the winds of Heaven visit his face,” though ne’er so gently.

The only *boundless lawn* he wishes, were of that kind which returns from the *laundress*; which scarce could prove too vast for his desires, while he bids you sound the trumpet to his praise. When you have laid your offerings on his shrine, expect no higher reward than his departure, and gratefully anticipate your return to freedom, activity, and substantial fare. Demand his thanks, and he will cough you down. Weep your involuntary tears, rail till your throat is sore, his *phlegmatic* obstinacy will remain unmoved, for he is of a *stiff-necked* generation.—“Tom’s-a-Cold!”

THE ATHENÆUM, FEBRUARY 22, 1828.

NOTE.—I have great pleasure in mentioning the gentlemanly attention of Mr. BUCKINGHAM. His Paper was devoted to higher matter than I could cope withal; in dismissing my slight services, however, he not only remunerated them liberally, but cheered me by his praise and recommendation, though I was personally unknown to him, till my correspondence with his Work was at an end, when he honoured me by a visit, for which I shall ever feel grateful.

“ TWO ARMS, TWO ARMS ! ”

THAT is a lovely arm, which twines
 In graceful fondness round thy neck ;
 How dimpled, round, and white it shines,
 While gold and gems its beauties deck !
 Its rich hued veins appear most fit
 To glow in pleasure's languid air—
 And yet—I do not envy it,
 Nor arm of any *living* fair !

I'm jealous of what now is dust,*
 The young arm perilled loyally
 To save its king, that sacred trust !
 This is too full, too soft for me !
 “ The Lady of the Bleeding Heart ”
 To her royal *Mistress* pledged her hand,
 A blameless service was *her* part—
 Moves *this* but at thy *Queen's* command ?

This could not bar the invaded door,
 To keep the murderers at bay ;
 Methinks mine own, tho' pale and poor,
 Hath more of Cath'rine Douglas' clay.

* Vide “ Spaewife.”

It ne'er can thy caress deserve,
Its fragile form thou ne'er wilt see ;
But they should rend it, bone and nerve,
Ere they should “ hurt a hair of thee ! ”

THE TROCHILOS AND THE CROCODILE.

BLAME not my zeal, altho' ye call
 Its object "cruel, false, and vain" ;
 Some sympathy awaits us all,
 E'en Nero's death gave one heart pain. *
 Nay, I am not so mere a ninny
 But I can prop mine own cause—thus,
 Can cite the Stagyrte, and Pliny,
 Or bid you hear Herodotus !†
 They prove that Heaven plants instincts pure
 And merciful, for some wise end ;
 One bird Nile's monster can endure,
 The Crocodile hath still *a friend*.
 The little Plover yet doth dare
 E'en in his throat to assert her right,
 Spite of his teeth, which kindly spare
 The servant, they'd scarce find one bite.

* For this information I am indebted to Lord Byron.

† These hard names I found in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette. I have not the honour of any further acquaintance with the gentlemen I quote ; but knowing nothing of Natural History I take their words. They assert that the Trochilos, a kind of Plover, acts as tooth-pick to the Crocodile, devouring the troublesome insects, who, when his mouth looks *a jar*, fancy that they shall find *sweets* within it.

She enters, to destroy his foes,
 To *pearly peril* joyous flies,
 How strange, that creatures great as those
 Should e'er be saved by atomies !
 " Seeking the bubble reputation
 E'en in the " Crocodile's " mouth," so !
 How can he keep from mastication ?
 Perhaps he don't like Poultry tho'.
 Did some one of his favourite prey
 Venture, tho' ne'er so kindly bold, it
 Might find it hard to get away—
 Once *in* his jaw—d'ye think he'd *hold* it ?
 His watering mouth would pour persuasions
 To treat it with a little bite,
 Then, having tears for all occasions,
 He could weep back his appetite ;
 Sigh o'er the life he had destroyed,
 Then lick his lips, and wipe his eyes,
 Rememb'ring what he had enjoy'd,
 And ready for another prize !
 The bird unsparing feasts away,
 'Midst all the dangers I have sung,
 She earns her safety and her pay
 Taking the *sting* from *such* a tongue.
 Could I, *ye* hostile gnats make skip,
 (Would pecking at ye ne'er cost me loss)
 By merely—tasting that sweet lip,
 It were brave sport to act Trochilos !

ON AN EXPRESSION IN MY JOURNAL FOR 1821.

'Tis sweet, by memory's light divine,
To trace how love began,
But Truth hath scarce a date for mine,
For through my life it ran.
Woven, by slow degrees, appears
With all—through all—its hue,
Thy name had reigned for happy years
Ere I thy features knew.
They told me I should dote on thee,
Thy *kindred* read my doom,
I laughed aside the prophecy,
To "tempt the dangerous" bloom ;
But tho' I dream of thee alone,
I less *admire* thee now,
Than when, my thoughts but half thine own,
I pledged my first, stolen vow.
'Twas in my noon of life ; and He
Who shed hope's sunlight there,
Was young, free, fond, and like to thee—
I need not say how fair !
Thine earnest brow, thy lip of balm,
But not thy purer dyes,
No, not thy grandeur, nor thy calm,
Nor those heaven tinted eyes.

Thine angel beauty was to me
A sweet and holy shrine,
And every tone I caught from thee
Seemed sacredly divine.
It mattered not of wit or woe,
Worth, courage, love, the token —
Each word, each accent, thrilled me so
That judgment's sword was broken.
One eve, I left my liliated vale,
What years have past since those !
To hear thee left my nightingale,
To see thee left my rose.
'Twas then extorted (owed thee now)
My blessing hailed each wile,
'Twas then I swore thee my first vow,
" By the mystery of thy smile !"
For recent tears had softened down
Thy gay, light glance of love,
And duty, like a heavy crown,
Shone awefully above ;
Thou didst surmount the faults of youth,
And bend, with deep regard,
Before the voice of aged Truth,
Its candour to reward.
It promised virtuous joys. Oh how
Were its calm words received !
A volume blazoned on thy brow,
I read it, and believed !

Thine aimless love, thy conscious charms,
 Thine arch, yet modest air,
The tender wish, that half disarms
 Past grief, and coming care—
The deprecating frown, the tear
 So shrinkingly that met
Nature's sweet hope, than pride more dear,
 More deep than thy regret.
If ever Prophet, Prince, and Friend,
 Preserver, Parent, Son,
Could, in one glance, their spirits blend
 In that sweet mood 'twas done !
If e'er, forgiving and forgiven,
 Saints, still on earth, still men,
Divide their dreams 'twixt love and heaven,
 They look as thou didst then !
'Twas but an instant, but it lives
 Alone ; no words can tell
The cherished pain it gave, and gives—
 As memory wakes the spell.
He asked some pledge—that gentle youth—
 Which never could beguile,
And I vow'd to *him* eternal truth
 “ *By the Mystery of Thy smile !* ”

LETTER FROM MR. GREEN'S HIGHFLYER, TO HIS
AUNT.

DEAR Mrs. Mare, you wish you knew
 How I enjoyed my situation,
 And if I, like my betters, grew
 Resigned, to unsought exaltation?
 Therefore, as Pegasus might bend
 To pour instruction from on high,
 I'll teach my ruder Shetland friend,
 The wonders I have learnt in Sky.
 I thought it a strange way to roam,
 Said "*nay*," to avert the threaten'd danger,
 In leaving my affairs at home
 So lit'rally "at rack and manger."
 The day was hot. I "burst," Alas!
 "Into moist anguish," 'neath its beam—
 My master owed his soar to Gas—
 I, *sorer*, went aloft by steam!
 A thousand gazers envied me;
 One lame old hack, I chanced to spy her—
 And sighed, "Far rather would I be
 Yon slave, than the renown'd Highflyer!"
 I never looked down with contempt
 On those whose fates their natures suiting,
 From my aspiring cares exempt,
 Kept their pride on a *stable* footing.

Green read "the *Ayrshire Leg-at-ees*"—

I wished my legs, in air, more easy—
So little through the mist one sees
I've not much to describe, and please ye.
For Sol was driving teams of dun

And grey clouds, not more fleet than we—
I could not run away with one
Thus forced to fly away with me.
Drawn in a car I did not draw

It still consoled mine anxious pain,
Bit in my mouth, beans in my maw,
To feel, for once, above the *rain*.

I filled myself, as Green had filled
Our horse balloon, to make it lighter—
And, fast as he his ballast spilled,
I crammed and packed in mine the tighter.

I ne'er had gone so many miles
Without once laying leg to ground,
Nor e'er got o'er hills, fences, stiles,
And bound'ries, without leap or bound.

We sunk. Green on my back, on his
The globe celestial—but for me
I snuffed the grass, with homefelt bliss,
And when *I got down*, so did he.

And now I am as much caressed,
Admired with as much foolish wonder,
As if I had one wish expressed
To keep, as 'twere, the whole world under.

As Green his kindred hath embraced,

I need not, my poor friends, disown ye,

He was not the first *man* so placed,

Tho' I, it seems, am the first pony !

Give me the *low* pursuits of earth,

Its whips and spurs be all forgiven—

So let me die where I had birth,

For—why should *horses* go to heaven ?

WRITTEN AFTER ONE DEFEAT, AND JUST
BEFORE ANOTHER.

A GLOOM had embittered each sense,
I drooped in my ling'ring suspense,
I braved not the light of thy grace,
For my sentence was read in that face.

Yes, the hope so long nourish'd was lost,
And its path with fresh shadows o'ercrost,
The pride of my duties was o'er,
And I feared I could love them no more.

E'en innocence dreaded to rove
Unsupported, unsoothed by that love,
My aims were all scatter'd and wide,
As Thou, not thy kindness, had died.

The strength of my virtue seem'd gone,
My visions were joyless and lone ;
I admired, but the memory was cold,
My heart felt for ever grown old !

But Friendship descends, like a balm,
My stung soul to chasten and calm,
And all that *deserved* to survive,
Is thrillingly, freshly alive !

Again o'er my life's dancing tide
The bark of thy triumph shall glide,
Thy Planet shall rule every wave,
And thy Halcyon voice sing o'er my grave!

Ah fool! to have wander'd so long
From the bower of enchantment and song!
Since the days of my danger are past
Why should I not love to the last?

The fair ones who waken'd thy sighs
May behold with indifferent eyes,
Attribute their fault to thy change—
But I—why and where should I range?

Dispose of my cause as it will
That *mind* is my happiness still,
While we live I can never forget,
Thou art all thou *shouldst* be to me yet.

If a blush, if a tremor, a tear,
Remain, to assert thee too dear—
For *thy* perils, *thy* wrongs, and *thy* woes—
And not from *mine own* it arose.

If the glory, the grace of thy smile
Cannot always my sorrows beguile,
'Tis because *thou* by foes art beset,
Who *force thee thy friends to forget*.

I ask thee for succour—not now ;
'Tis mine my devotion to vow,
To serve and to solace thy *line*,
To be thank'd by the hearts that are thine !

And those of thy blood and thy name
May bless me, for pleasure and fame,
For the debt which seems sweetest to me,
The rapture of gazing on thee.

Can poverty banish the power
My words have to gladden their bower ?
If thine image lends force to my zeal,
Can *they* wish me less warmly to feel ?

I have looked for some mutual friend,
Our interests, our duties, to blend,
To tell thee *thy bidding was done*—
But none were found worthy, not one.

She must be refined, as sincere,
To him—to me—worthily dear,
Chaste, noble, no cause must he see
In my friend to deem lightly of me.

She comes, with thy voice and thy brow !
She loves us, she prays for us now !
For my cares 'twere a guerdon too sweet
To behold your pure kiss, as ye meet.

Yes, under this roof re-unite,
And let my soul bask in the sight,
Bring them *all* to record my firm vow,
I've still loved them, I fear them not now!

Let the sanction of innocence bless
The changeless reform I profess;
Far dearer its praises to me,
Than the love of young Freedom could be!

Away with all selfish regret!
Thy triumph may crown me e'en yet,
In the chance of thus dying thy friend,
Pride, virtue, and happiness blend.

While I owe thee the fire which relumed
My faith, so long darkly entombed,
Raised my spirit o'er vice and despair,
Can I cease to name Thee in my prayer?

Let us all, as one family kneel,
To the God who now deigns to reveal
This truth, that such earthly ties riven,
We yet shall claim kindred in heaven!

LONDON, JULY 1828.

PARODY ON BURNS'S EPITAPH ON MATTHEW.

STOP, Passenger! if out of place
 Thou deem'st the lily rare, man,
 Except on *female* beauty's face,
 For ——— is a *fair* man.
 If thou insist that prettiness
 On such soft charms must fall, man,
He's pretty, as a giantess,
 For ——— is a *tall* man.
 Yet dread not his o'ershadowing size
 Atoned by kind conceit, man,
 By kissing lips and cordial eyes,
 For ——— is a *sweet* man.
 Yet brave and stern his thoughtful way,
 When honour's task's in hand, man,
 With lordly air, and rich array,
 For ——— is a *grand* man.
 If natural humour warm thy breast,
 Or wit's arch wanton play, man,
 His every dimple beds a jest,
 For ——— is a *gay* man.
 If learning's depth and subtlety,
 Or taste refined thou prize, man,
 Here lives a soul vast, polish'd, high—
 For ——— is a *wise* man.

But should sad winning meekness please
 All wordly lore beyond, man,
 His manner all thy heart shall seize,
 For ——— is a *fond* man.
 If Fair, Sweet, Grand, Gay, Wise, Fond, Tall,
 Thy judgment hath withstood, man—
 I'll add *one* claim o'erworth them all,
 For ——— is a *good* man !

NOTE.—I leave a blank, which any Lady may fill with the name she thinks most deserving of my praise. Let *her* take the consequences !

TO MY CONFIDANTE.

BLAME my love, you blame my nature—

'Tis myself, my blood, my breath,
Or a scorned, but vital feature,

Which to lose would be my death.

Were it a long nail, or *loose* tooth,

Could you with more coolness scoff?

“You but prize, because your’e used to’t,

Pull it out, or cut it off!

Throw it by!” The advice as odd is

As you bade me hang or drown;

'Tis my heart, and not my boddice;

Dare I *break* what's *not my own*?

'Tis my mind; I cannot change it,

Mind and *gown* I have but *one*;

'Tis my shadow; how *estrangle* it

While I'm sitting in the Sun?

'Tis my hope, my consolation,

Not my sorrow, nor my crime,

Built, perhaps, on *frail* foundation,

But I *feel* 'twill last *my* time.

Love and all you must endure me,

'Tis my head, and not a wig—

You must *kill* before you *cure* me,

As you'd serve a *Bacon Pig*.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

BEAUTIFUL eyes ! that scorn'd to be
The brightest gems of earth for me,
Shine out, in smiling ease once more—
'Tis not *your* light I *now* adore !

Exquisite lips ! who learn't to sneer
In deeming ye were grown too dear,
In rosy balm I pray ye rest—
For I no longer love *ye* best !

Delicate form, which shrunk away
Lest thou my flutt'ring pulse shouldst sway,
Stand forth in all thy pride again,
For I *defy* thy charms to pain !

Wonderful mind ! nor grieve nor fear
To trust thy thoughts to *my* dull ear,
Thou art not dangerous—awake !
Thou'rt rivalled, unlearn that mistake !

'Tis true I wasted some slight praise,
But that was in my grovelling days,
Ere yet more glorious themes I knew—
More faultless ones, bright toys ! than you.

My soul, by her new wealth surprised,
Is so divinely *fertilized*,
Such gay weeds—washed out by the roots—
Must yield the soil, to grateful fruits.

The *tears*, by pitying virtue shed
Over the envied, lowly dead,
These living pearls I dearer prize
Than *ye*, fair, famed, triumphant eyes!

The pious words, pour'd to relieve
Widows and orphans as they grieve,—
Ye shapely, tuneful lips, excel
Your eloquent impassioned spell!

The charitable haste—the deeds
Of one whose form no graces needs,
Appear to me more grandly fair
Bright figure, than *thy* lordly air!

The silent phrenzy, that in vain
Such angel cares would wake again
The life of humble worth, to me
Sweet wit, is far more dear than thee!

Whose eyes thus wept? *whose* lips thus sighed?
Whose acts—*whose* heart is now my pride?
His whose all-perfect charms, now move
But for the worth they shrine, my *love*!

Most lovely kind, most heav'nly brave,
 Most wisely bounteous! thou *canst* save
 Thou sav'st from folly and from woe,
 A life—renew'd with purer glow!

Thy soul half weans me from thy face,
 Thy goodness far transcends thy grace,
 My fancy's chains it seems to sever,
 But binds my reason thine, for ever!

It is a thought of pride and grief,
 That I can never add one leaf
 To the well won and stainless wreath
 Which shall survive thy beauty's death!

But yet I wish the world to guess
 Thy glory's earthly nothingness;
 Thy *heart alone* should give thy name
 A truer, holier, happier, fame!

And if so much in that heart's praise
 My lyre thus timidly essays,
 In stolen rapture as I kneel—
 Think what were its *permitted* zeal.

With nought to fancy, nor to guess,
 Nothing to flatter, nor suppress,
 Think how I'd silence every foe,
 Standing to speak what I should *know*!

If gratitude from me alone
Offend, by its respectful tone,
If thou reject'st my convert duty
I'll turn again, and love thy beauty !

If sympathy, and pure esteem
Disgust thee, with their chasten'd beam,
I'll break my bonds, I'll change my mind,
And swear thou'rt neither *fair nor kind*.

But no ! thou *weep'st o'er sudden death*—
One sigh then, to poor Love's *last breath* !
Thou, who *support'st* the heaven-spared lives,
Adopt my *friendship*—which *survives* !

LONDON, NOVEMBER 19, 1828.

TO MY "HOLIDAY DREAMS."

YE lays, that have cheer'd my retreat,
I know not how far ye may fly,
What frowns, from *what brows* ye may meet,
What tears, nor from *whose* smiling eye !
'There *are* who may guess, that, tho' gay,
I claim not unvaried delight,
Not a Holiday *every* day,
Nor happy dreams *every* night.
I dare an appeal to the past,
Tho' echoed by no gen'rous tone,
Tho' Constancy, wearied at last,
Asks no praise for the zeal that is flown.
From my childhood I turn to my youth,
And tax those who kindled its fire,
To prove if my passionate truth
Was stained by one *selfish* desire !
As a woman—did jealousy e'er
E'en in sorrow betray—or resent ?
Did I see without *seeming* to share
The joys which *another* had lent ?
No ! those oncê belov'd, may be just
To the heart they first forc'd to be brave,
May teach worthier bosoms to trust
A friend, not a flattering slave !

Thus prepared, but the better I knew
What homage Perfection to pay,
And the tasks which to morning were due
To redouble, when lighted by day.
Now—had I one song of regret,
Vindictive, vain, boastful, or wrong,
Tho' to grace it the Muses had met—
I would die ere owe fame to that song !
My Themes ! not a sigh of my breast
Need ruffle one rose-leaf in *their* nest,
Like my betters I weep but in jest,
Unlike *them*, I've laugh'd in good earnest.
In crowds to my memory come
Past pleasures that beg to be told,
Nor should gratitude's accents be dumb
Would they sound less exultingly bold.
Yet tho' poets may fancy the taste
Of banquets but lent to their eyes,
They must not profane, in their haste
To praise what too dearly they prize.
In Elysium their visions to steep
Is their privilege, vainly forbidden,
But ill would they thank such a peep
By vaunting they'd enter'd that Eden.
Poor Perii ! far rather we'd live
In some calm, incontestable home,
E'en our shrines all our truth might forgive,
If they knew how we struggled to roam.

But life is too brief to strive more
With triflers one moment to share,
I can scarce be so prompt to adore
As is virtue to merit my prayer !
Health, Peace, Fortune for ever attend
Hearts, who e'en 'mid their wrongs and their
woes,
May pardon so daring a friend,
For all—but *her hate of their foes !*

TO A NOBLE MATRON.

LADY ! I often meet thee in my dreams—
And feel no cause to shun thy proud dark eye,
Thy spirit then, with all its justice, seems
Bending to mine its wit, and feelings high ;
That far-famed mind, original and free,
Trusts its impassioned virtues to my heart,
I seem inspired and blest, reflecting thee,
As if *my* being were of *thine* a part ;
Its shade, less bright—less perfect—yet how true
To thy reality ! Pure, constant friend
Of sorrow ! who no charms could e'er subdue
To flatter the soft frailties, which dare blend
With earth's *best* natures ; therefore I revere thee,
And, as a stranger love, nor *dare deserve to fear* thee.

L'ENVOY, POSTSCRIPT, OR EPILOGUE.

“ Je crains que je n'ai pas assez dire,
Et peut-être j'en ai trop dit.”

READER ! whether “ Courteous and Gentle,” or the reverse—But no, as yet I still write unread. I must conclude ere any one else can begin, yet how can I say farewell to those who have not yet welcomed me ? I mean as the avowed authoress of the foregoing pages. My name, indeed, was kindly greeted in other years ; and some of the contents of this volume have been well received without it. Of my reprints I need only say, that I have corrected and improved them as much as possible, in this their Second Edition. My chief care now is for the original pieces, which form “ the *better half*” of my book. Thus far I have retraced my “ Holiday Dreams,” toiling through nights of sleepless anxiety, which sprung not from my task, for till now I have viewed the future fate of my volume, tho' not of its author, through the (perhaps false) medium of hope. Thus many, however, of my MSS. have already gone to the (Printer's) d——l. The *proofs* of my confiding rashness rise before me. My written thoughts have for me, indeed, taken another *character*, of which type is but typical. They were not merely my playthings,

the paper-dolls of a grown baby. They were my children, for want of better. Innocent images of their parents! they have till now shared my solitude. Nobody had a right to reprove them but myself, and I, like Ailee Dinmont—"gae'd 'em their ain way, puir things! because I had naething else to gie 'em." Their very existence was unknown to the world; but now they are dressed for their *début*. They must go into public unpatronized, unmatronized. They can no longer partake my home, if ever I can be said to have possessed one. They can no longer be mine alone. They may be thought to have no *right* to their very breath; but, if I am accused of having *stolen* their vital fire, I hope no one will deny that it is *from Heaven*.

With these considerations to tame and sober me, a host of contrasted fears beset—not the poet, but the woman; "who thinks of something else besides her pen," who "trembles for what she has sung," rather from the *nature* of her *lays*, than their *style*. I have spoken plainly, because I mean honestly. Though I am no longer a girl, I can't help *having been young once*; and though always unlovely myself, I know not how, even yet, to shut my eyes against beauty in others. Women should *weep* behind a veil, but surely they may "laugh out openly," "without any controul," but that of modesty. As long as they enjoy liberty themselves, it is their privilege, nay their duty, to aim at amusing *those* who sometimes need such relief from

graver ties and duties. If the freedoms my Muse and I have taken appear unpardonable, we can scarcely be worse punished than we were before we offended. If they create *no* sensation, we are inured to indifference. If my *sad* songs awake any sympathy, I shall rather feel regret than pride; though had I remained mute, I could not have prevented, perhaps less deserving sufferers, from disturbing the fountain of pity. It is, besides, sometimes soothing to find *one's own* griefs recorded by another. But I am getting *on board the tender* again, and must step back to *my jolly-boat*. If my *gay* tributes afford any entertainment, I ask but permission *still* to pay them; but if, in striving for independence, by this sacrifice to Lucre, of the only valuables I possess--yet not *my own*, since I cannot *freely* bestow them, and *only where they are due*--if, while "my poverty and not my will consents," to "hold cheap what is most dear," I defeat my own *best* aims, and seem to forfeit my *just* claim to the toleration of the good, I shall receive the possible gifts of Mammon as if they purchased my birthright. This right, which I never will deserve to lose, I shall still forbear to exert; resigned to *remain unknown*, unless I am sought as gladly as I should be found. I have now only to beg that my Readers will look on me as an *unbribed Laureate*, and that they will believe my "Holiday Dreams," or rather the heart on which they have lived--

Not gay from memory, for the past is drear,
Nor brave from hope, for hope to me were fear,

Nor warm from present bliss, all now is cold,
But a mere glass for the gay, warm and bold ;
As it can't flatter, Pride the toy may break,
But Truth may gaze there, for her own fair sake,
And even Friendship *late* accord her light
To slave that would be useful, if it might !

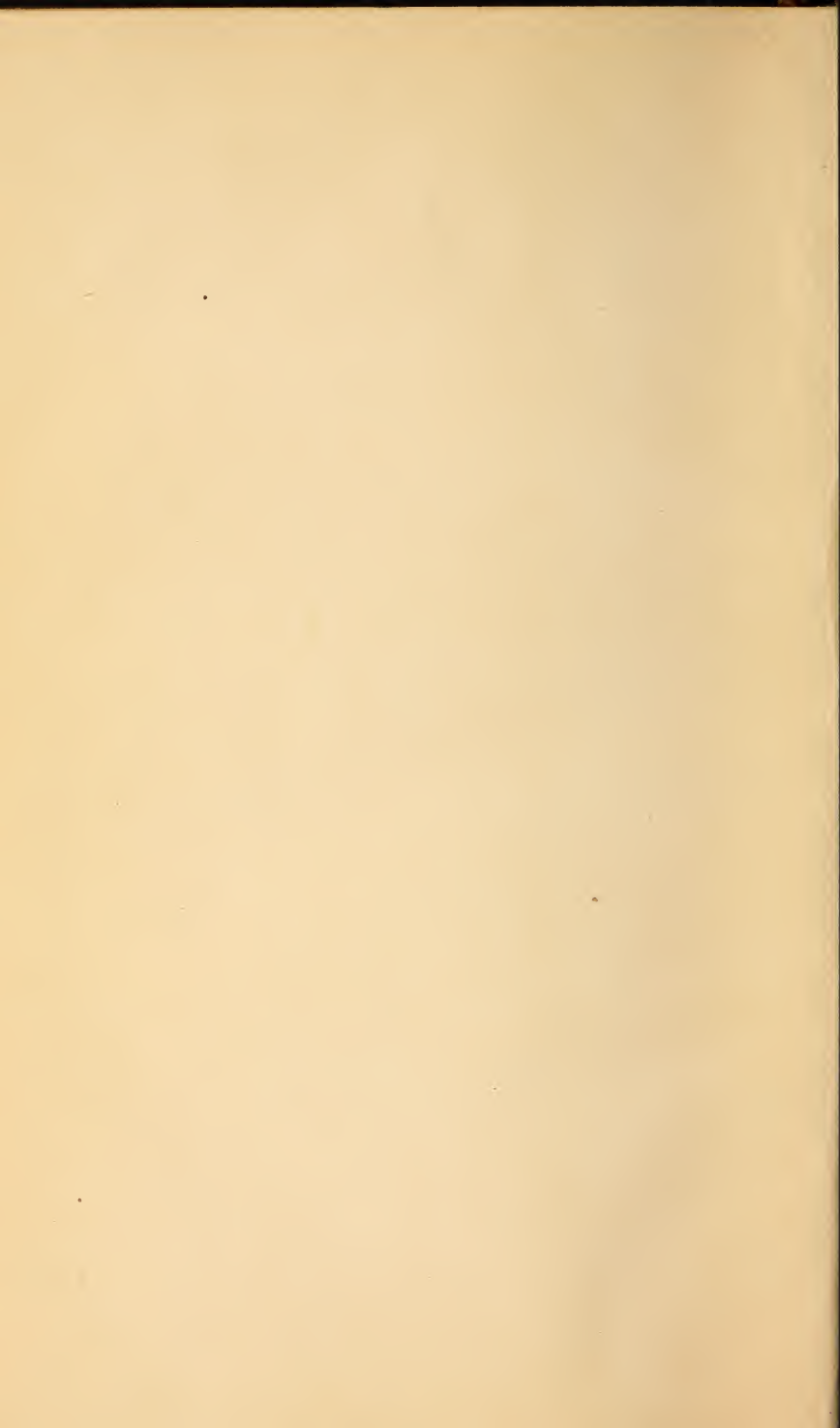
LONDON, FEBRUARY 1829.

THE END.

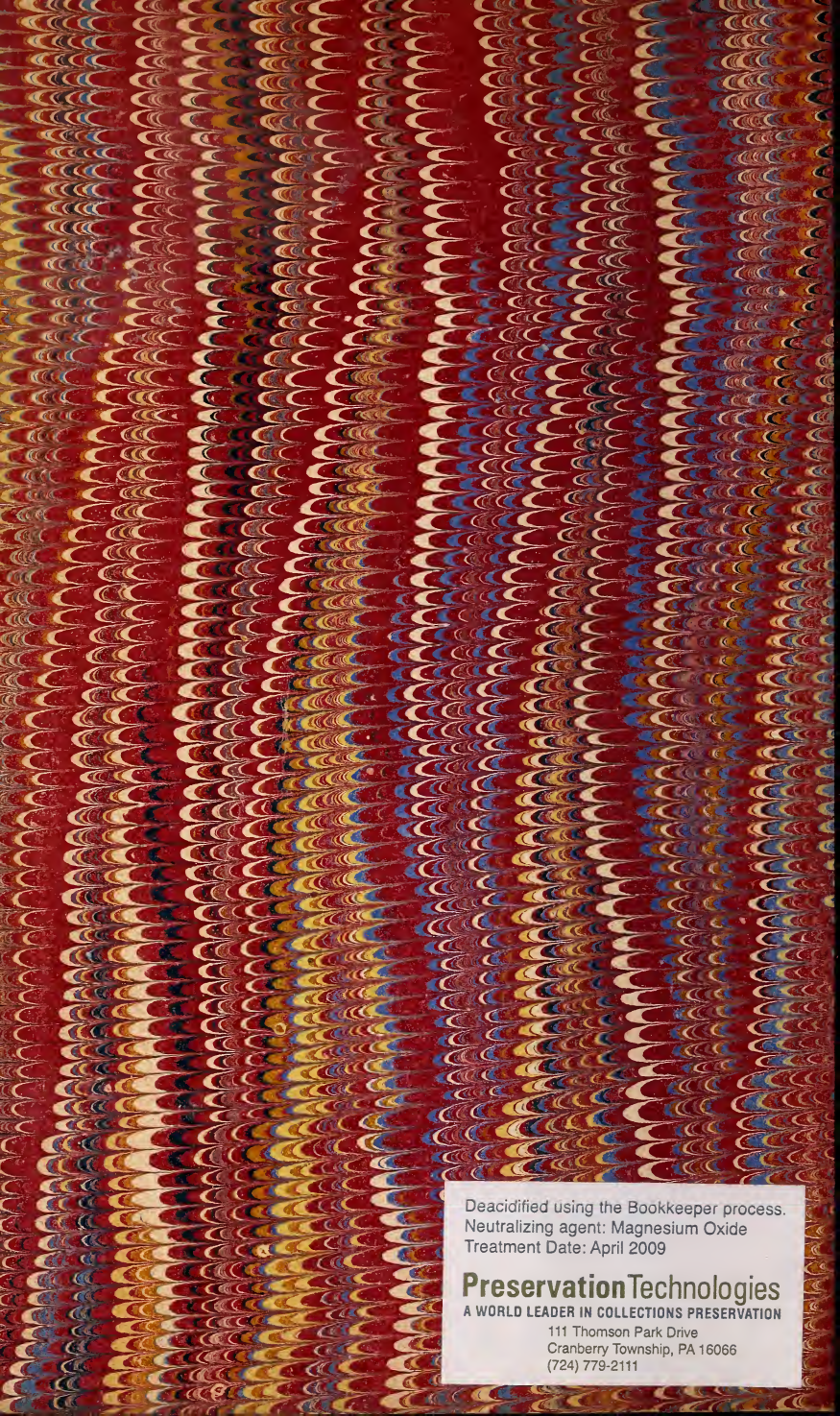












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